Academician

FINIMUS COEPTURE

1924

Academician

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS of ST.
STEPHEN'S ACADEMY
of PORT HURON
MICHIGAN
VOL. VI 1924

Foreword

RADIO STATION S. S. A. BROADCASTS THE VALUE of A GOOD CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, AND THE NECESSITY of STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE IDEALS EMBODIED IN ITS TEACHING. IT IS OUR WISH THAT WHEN OUR FRIENDS TUNE IN HERE FOR SCHOOL NEWS, THEY MAY FIND NO DEAD SPOTS OR FADEAWAYS, BUT ALL PLEASURE AND SATISFACTION. LISTEN IN, FOR IN THIS "ANNUAL" The SENIORS HAVE ENDEAVORED TO EXEMPLIFY TO THE BEST of THEIR ABILITY THE UNFAILING RESULTS of CATHOLIC TUTELAGE

Academician Staff

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Alumni	Laura Carlisle
Athletic	Otto Ordowski
Snapshot	Gerald O'Brien
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Dedication

"TO THE ALUMNI, THE LOYAL GRADUATES OF OTHER YEARS, WHO HAVE REMAINED TRUE TO THE TEACHINGS OF THEIR "ALMA MATER," THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED"

Steadfastness

Ode to our Pastor

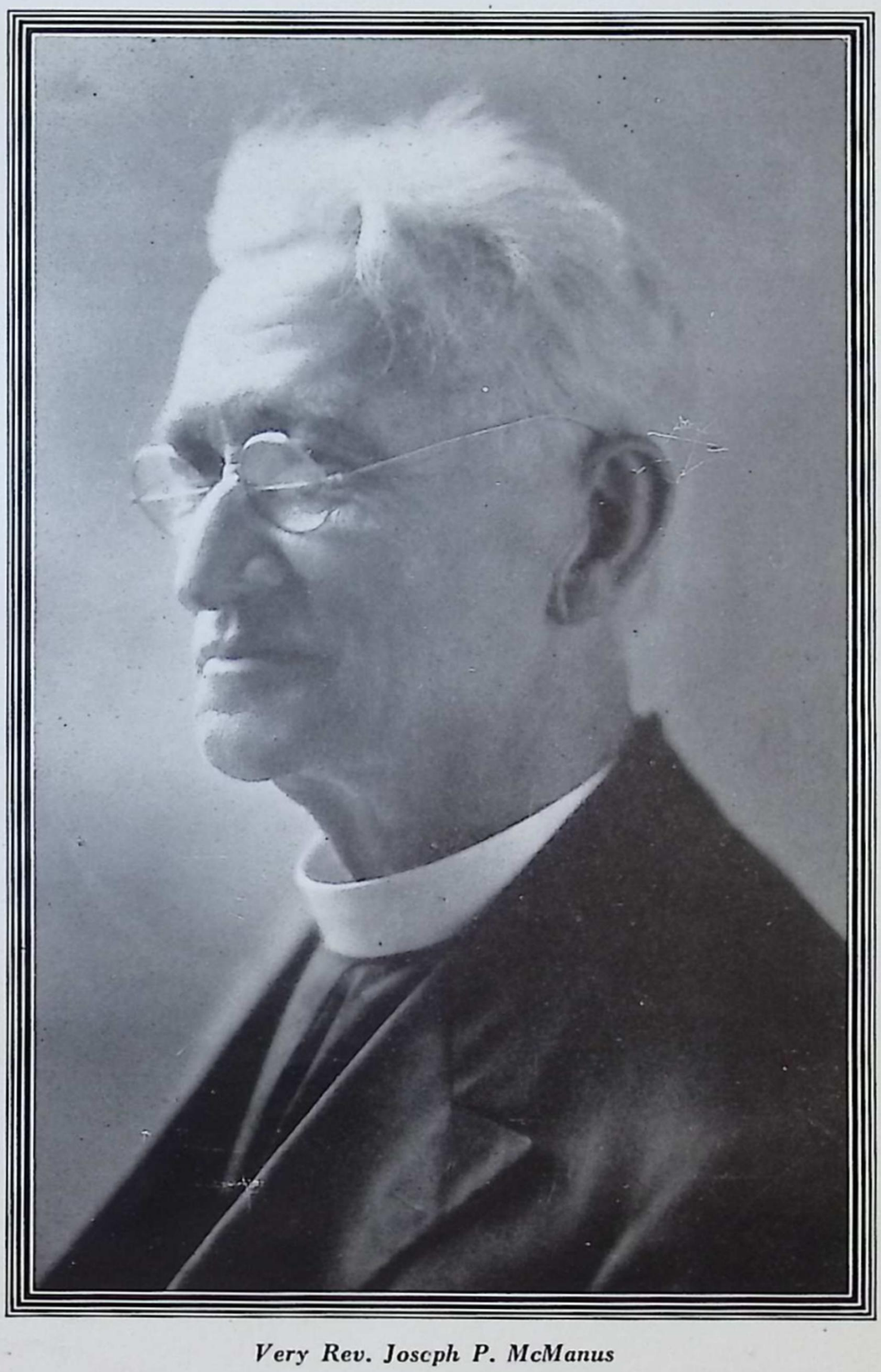
Class of '24

Loved Father, would all were steadfast as thou art,
Thou whose patient labor day by day—
To guide thy children's steps on the Master's way,
Has won for thee the love of our childhood's heart.

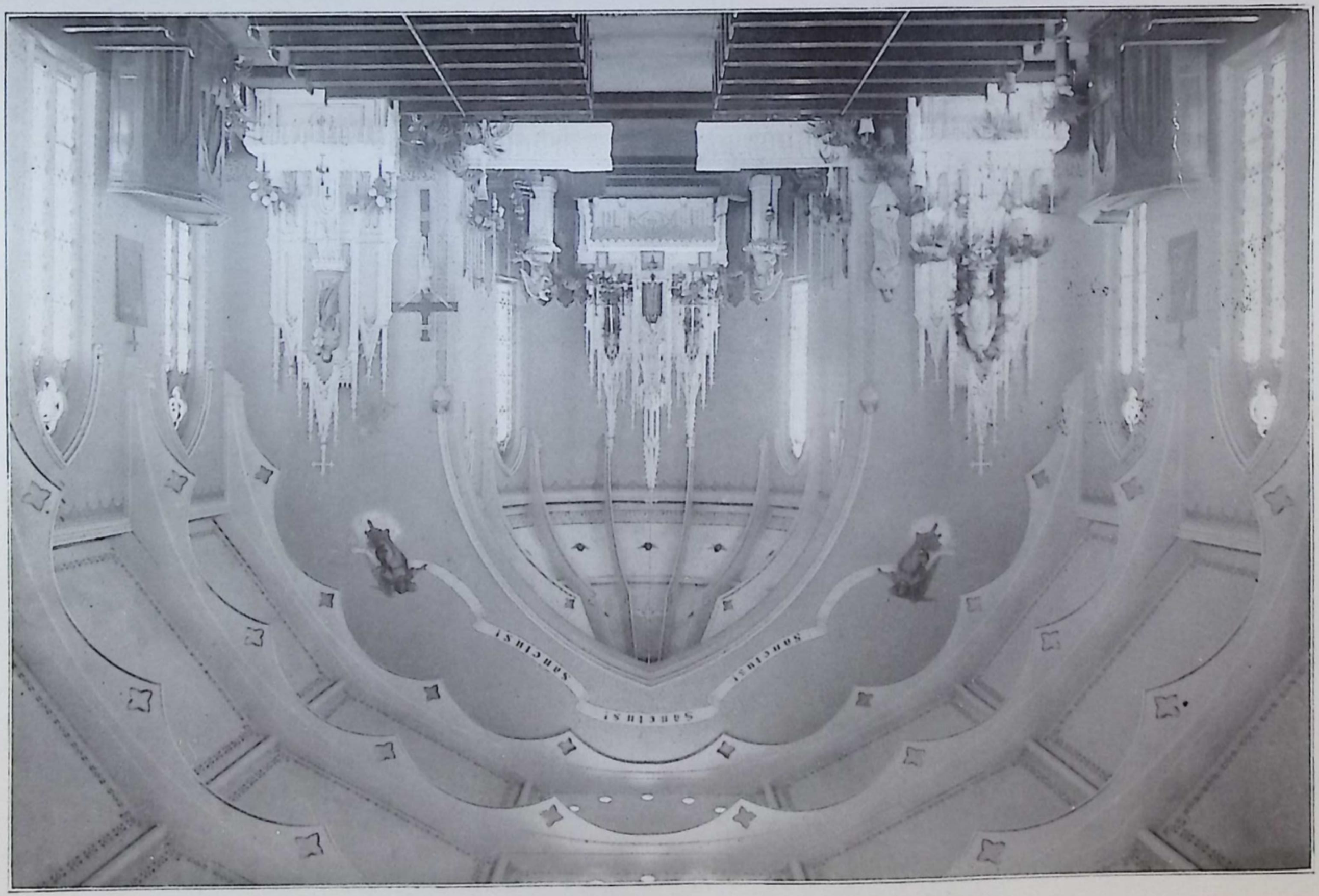
Thou our beacon light upon life's stormy sea,
Thou our day star, ever faithful guide—
Thou whose care for us is ceaseless as the surging tide,
Today our hearts give gratitude to thee.

Ah yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Tho' time has bent thy figure 'neath its sway,
Still untiring in the labors of thy priestly state
May God's bright smile rest on you alway.

Still, still our hearts best love we bring,
Still thy praises loud our voices ring.



Very Rev. Joseph P. McManus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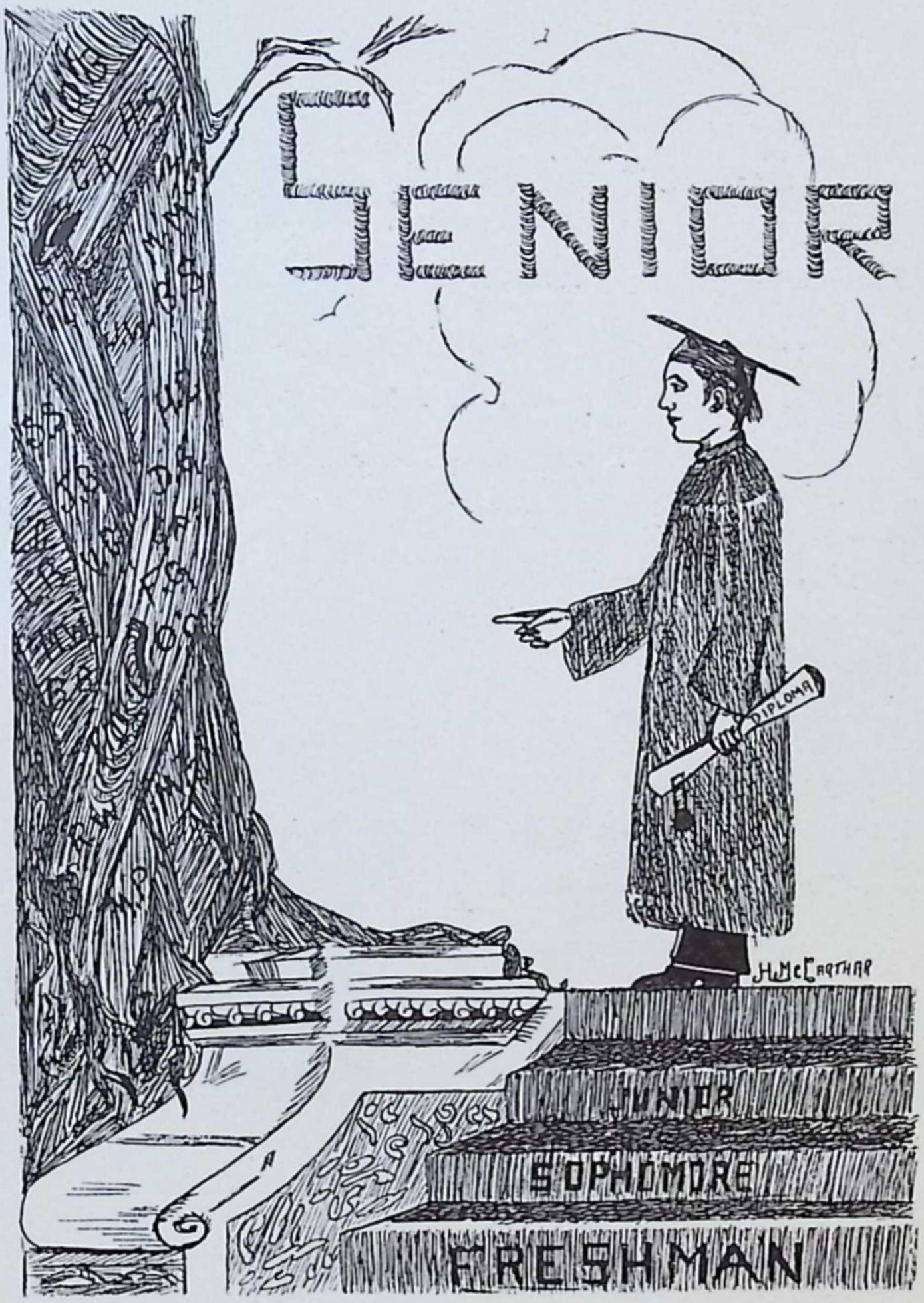

SENIOR
DIPLOMA
H.W.McCARTHAR
JUNIOR
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMAN

Senior Class Officers

President—John J. Walton

Vice-President—Margaret Mary Marx

Secretary—Marie Antoinette Charron

Treasurer—Vincent G. Graziadei

Class Motto

"Finimus Coepture"

Class Flower
Peony

Class Colors
Cherry and Silver

Salutatorian—Stewart A. Sharrow

Class Historian—Marie A. Charron

Class Prophetess—Margaret M. Marx

Class Poetess—Florence E. Gleason

Class Will—Ruth E. Wittliff

Valedictorian—John J. Walton

Cover Design drawn by—Charles A. Cogley

Leota Marie Bodley

"Unthinking, idle, glad and young
She laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung."

Emma Beata Bourke

"I do but sing because I must
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

Justin Joseph Brown

"His hair a sun that rays from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven."

Hugh Crowell Clancy

"Be firm one constant element in luck
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck."

Mary Macrina A. Zimmer

"'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Marie Antionette Charron

"She is dark haired, dark eyed;
Oh! such eyes: a single glance of them
Will govern a whole life from birth to death."

Raymond Stephen Currie

"Stately and tall, he moves in the hall
The chief of a thousand for grace."

Thomas Martin Donahue

"I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man,
Do I deem a matter of indifference to me."

George Fleming Fountain

"Noble actions are not judged by size
The good intent the action magnifies."

Dorothy Viola Green

"I would mould a world of fire and dew
With no one bitter, grave or over wise."

Florence Estelle Gleason

"This woman needs no eulogy,
She speaks for herself."

Vincent Glionna Graziadei

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Margaret Mary A. Marx

"I can't sing, as a singist I'm not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I."

Otto Albert Ordowski

"Calm is my soul, nor apt to raise in arms Except when fast approaching danger warns."

Gerald Joseph O'Brien

"Words, words, words, in never ending flow."

Mary Patricia Phelan

"I say the very thing that makes the greatest stir,
And the most exciting things are things that didn't occur."

Claire Anne Rawley

"Set it in this maiden's golden hair
To make her thrice as willful as before."

Elizabeth Anne Samberg

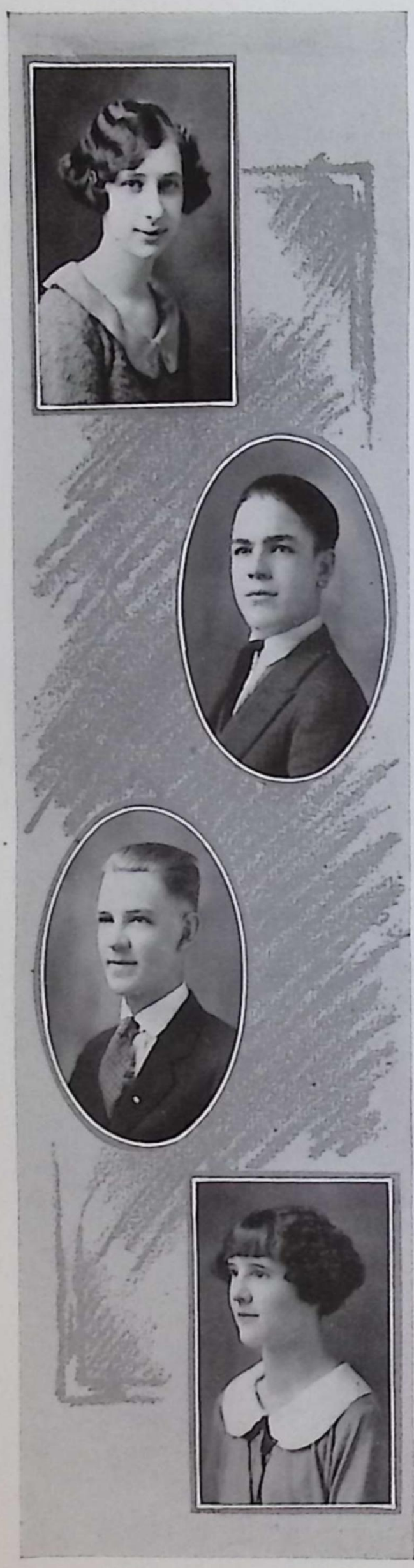
"Happy am I, from care I'm free
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

William Joseph Simpson

"He has choice words to express himself."

Stewart Austin Sharrow

"I love fool's experiments,
I am always making them."



Ruth Elizabeth Wittliff

"I build my castles in the air;
They end in smoke—I don't care."

Marvin Vincent Westrick

"The magnet of his noble mind
Found swiftly duty's firm decree."

John Joseph Walton

"You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh too, at the good they have done."

Laura Harriet Carlisle

"This maid might wear the fairest jewel,
Not violating the law of like to like."

President's Oration

John Walton, '24

C'assmates:

Do we as graduates look beyond the dreams of gold, showering bouquets and diploma-effulgence into the puzzling paradoxes of the years to come and finally into the Commencement Day of our Eternity.

Most of us do not. We are chiefly concerned with impressions, considered the real, the modern, the worth while, in human progress, forgetting the ideal or that which survives the laurel wreaths and plaudits of a day.

Let us in imagination fancy ourselves visitors to the studio of a sculptor, one whose works are heralded as monuments to the art. The model is before him. He studies every line, every feature that marks the personality and strives to imitate it in order, to give to the world in bronze or stone, a replica of the original.

It may take months or years of painstaking labor but yet the sculptor does not despair. And when there finally rises, as proof of his ability, a carved image, a worthy production of his achievement, does he forsake the profession, content with idle glory?

No—his artistic soul longs for other work, other subjects and thus he too, has "Finished to Begin."

If we will consider ourselves not as "architects of our career, but as sculptors; we will no doubt accomplish greater results. True, this requires an added amount of hammering and chiseling but a successful career" no matter what the profession may be, depends wholly upon the energy expended.

If then by retaining our high ideals and moulding our actions according to the glorious standards evolved in our academy training we become better fit to one day enter into the Closing Exercises of Life; will we not feel repaid as did the Sculptor whose work was so nobly crowned through his tireless efforts.

———S·S·A———

SONNET TO ST. STEPHEN'S

George Fountain, '24

My last four years at St. Stephen's are spent.
The weeks and months have passed and have I fulfilled
My Duty, which was to build,
A path to success with a gradual ascent,
And to form a character that is not bent;
To face the world with passions stilled
And say that I have few moments killed,
Wishing for amusement that might prevent
My future happiness and success.
If these blessings I have attained
It is entirely due to the instructions best;
That I have from the good Sisters obtained,
For my last time under St. Stephen's rule
With sadness I now depart from school.

The School We Leave Behind

Florence Gleason, '24

We now have reached the cross-road
Where our lives are bound to change,
From familiar scenes of school days
To the world with problems strange:
From the harbor of St. Stephen's
That has kept us safe and sound,
We are called to choose our courses
For upon life's sea we're bound.

If the years that lie before us
Be as years we leave behind,
Where our sorrows were forgotten
In the joys we sought to find.
All our studies and our problems
That we met from day to day,
Have made the sweetest memories
Of each hour that passed away.

If all through life we cherish
The principles so true
That we learned from our good teachers
Our deeds we'll never rue.
But our lives will be examples
And our actions ever show
That the standards of St. Stephen's
Are the ones we learned to know.

The time has come for parting,
In the alumnae we will be,
To help our Alma Mater
By some real activity.
For though we leave in person,
In our hearts you'll always find
The fondest of fond memories,
Of the school we leave behind.

———S-S-A———

Where on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
And on Thursday at two-twenty,
Do the groups of Chemists linger?
In the Lab.

There we've studied many metals,
And discolored rose petals,
When we felt experimental,
In the Lab.

Class History

Marie Charron, '24

"Backward, turn backward
Oh, time in thy flight!
Make me a child again
Just for tonight!"

Let us turn back with old Father Time, back to our entrance into High School. That day, so happy to us all, was perhaps one of the happiest of our High School life. Old acquaintances were revived and new ones made. Our class was composed, besides those from St. Stephen's, of pupils from St. Joseph's and the neighboring towns. Our teacher was Sister Priscilla and under her direction we were safely launched in our school duties.

We started in with light hearts to conquer Latin and Algebra along with Ancient History and English. All these lessons we found decidedly interesting.

This first year was marked by a series of debates and a few social events. The debates were long and well fought. The grammar grades were often invited in to witness our brave attempts.

Our entrance into High School was the occasion of another great event —enrollment in the Athletic Association. When called on for contributions we responded with a "Carnival," which was a great success.

But success can only be appreciated by those who have worked hard to attain it. Thus after a year of hard work and study, we passed our tests, to be admitted as "Sophomores."

When classes started next year, we returned, but only to find our ranks somewhat diminished. Surprise seemed to be in store for us this year, besides a new teacher, Sister Mary Carmel, we had a new school, and we felt not a little pride to be the first "Sophs" to enter it.

As we traveled on through our course our lessons became harder and in our new branch of study we met Caesar and followed him with his troubles in Gaul. Geometry and Mediaeval History gave us much anxiety, but success comes to him who perseveres, and we all passed with flying colors.

All will recall the great Sophomore picnic held at Lakeside Park, as our greatest social event of this year.

With the school-bell ringing out its warning summons once more we returned to the studies and pleasures, victories and defeats of our Junior year. Sister Mary James guided us safely through the crisis of this year. It is to her we owe our knowledge of Physics and higher Algebra. This year our class was in a sense, divided, some taking French and the others continuing Latin.

The spirit of the season now called to us, as member of the Athletic Association. We joined with the Twelfth Grade, because "In union there is

strength," and gave a carnival, which was an event of the season to be always remembered. When Mt. Clemens played our boys—and lost of course—they were given a banquet at which we assisted the Senior girls.

But to us the greatest event was the Junior-Senior Banquet which we gave the Seniors at the close of school.

"Time and tide wait for us now," as the saying goes, and once again we find ourselves at dear old St. Stephen's door, waiting to be admitted as Seniors. How happy we were that day, just to think of ourselves as "Seniors," and at the very portal leading out into life. A kindred spirit had grown up amongst us, and though we were loath to learn that a few of our number had fallen by the wayside or had not the courage to face the problems of the Senior Year, still nevertheless we fortunate twenty-four who represented the "survival of the fittest" joined heart and hand and staked our fortunes as scholars and athletes and started out on our Senior march with Mother Mary Louis to guide us.

A new subject, Chemistry, was added to our course. We found it to be very interesting and also quite difficult. But, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," and with this motto in our hearts we settled down to good, hard, earnest study. The study of Chemistry afforded us many, never-to-be-forgotten pleasures. We were invited out to Mueller's one day to view the plant and watch the process of brass making. Another pleasant outing was our trip to the Morton Salt Block, where we were instructed how the salt was taken from the ground and purified. From both these excursions we gleaned much practical information. We continued our Latin and French with an additional subject, History.

Our "Acquinas Club" was formed under the direction of Reverend Father Murphy. The meetings were held on Friday afternoons and many were the unsuspected pleasures in store for us.

This year is perhaps the most memorable and notable of our High School life. Classes may have their ups and downs, their joys and sorrows, but when the call of "Graduation," sounded over the din of preparations we welcomed it. But

"With heavy hearts we say Adieu,
To old St. Stephen's and to you."

———S-S-A———

CHRISTMAS

Christmas bells are ringing,
Their music swells the air,
Angels are softly singing
To the Saviour lying there!
This little Child, a Saviour,
A King? Can this be true?
Yes, angels said to shepherds
On that midnight long ago,
"In a little stable in Bethlehem
A King is born to you!"

Class Prophecy

Margaret Marx, '24

I was seated on a boulder up the side of one of the mountains, bordering the Panama Canal. It was a beautiful afternoon, the foot hills and the valleys were turning green, and the atmosphere was warm and balmy. The boulder on which I was seated stretched out over a mountain pass overlooking the canal, which seemed to me like a sheet of sparkling crystal.

Whilst I sat there the sun had gradually worked its way around, putting me into a stupor which developed into a feeling of drowsiness.

Soon the report of blasting rocks fell round,
Which suddenly changed the forest ground,
Darkened were the sunbeams above,
Gone forever the scenes I love.
Silent the little rippling brooks,
Storm raged in all the forest nooks,
Within the dark walls of a cavern wide
A magician in solitude doth abide.
Brewing and stirring in a bowl of old
With his long charm-laden rod of gold.
Muttering the while in monosyllables,
Calling to witness the gods and Sibyls.
"Hearken" attendant spirits to my prayers,
Which I offer to thee with all my cares,
Grant our twenty-four fortunes by your will,
In the floating soap bubbles your pipes now fill;
Radiant beams through a magical screen,
Catch the large bubbles where the future is seen.

Behold a monastery grand adorned with pillars white,
Before whose gates our President appears upon my sight.
He rules a missionary band, his subjects love him so
Because he reigns in gentle grace, as you my classmates know.

And then a scene of horror rife appalls my stricken sight
And by the lightning's fitful flash dispell'd is the night.
Amidst a band of savages a black robed nun doth teach
The love of God and saving souls is all Macrina seeks.

Again I dip the magic pipe and in the lambent rays
There comes a sweet delightful scene of former schoolhood days;
Anne Samberg seated brush in hand, her easel as of yore,
Paints an exquisite portrait the artists all adore.

And next I see an old classmate who wears a large sized hat,
But Tommy's bound a gentleman to be for all of that.
He's mayor now of Emmett and it's such a wondrous place
For prosp'rous business enterprise it ran a steady race.

'Tis the center now of radio and new inventions many,
Moving stairways in each house and wireless stations plenty;
Stew Sharrow owns the D. U. R. It runs without a trolley;
Electric bands play in the street and everyone is jolly.

A dancing school I next perceive, wherein with patient care
Professor Currie leads a youth with stubborn auburn hair.
Another then the master takes and then it seems to me
I hear the well remembered voice as Ray counts one, two, three.

And still again I dip the pipe and see the bubbles rise.
A stately domed cathedral grand appears before my eyes.
The solemn tone pipe organ rolls upon the incensed air,
Oh! it must be the master touch of Dorothy Green I hear.

On, on she played, a genius in constant even measure,
Whilst Violinist Fountain accompanied her with pleasure.
They traveled far and wide into strange and foreign places,
And everywhere they read their fame in glad and welcome faces.

On blowing some more bubbles they burst with sheer delight,
Such fascinating colors appear before my sight.
A maiden sang and filled my heart in ecstacy sublime,
I recognized the voice of Marie Charron this time.

Within a city hospital's dark and secluded walls
Doctor Westrick patiently answers to all the calls.
Marvin's gaitly stride with his consoling ways
Caused every flight of pain and woe and chased the blues away.

A white gowned nurse doth ceaselessly herself apply to work,
Whose face I see lit with the smile of sweet Beata Burke.
Faithful and loyal to duty this always ranked first in her heart,
Remembering St. Stephen's motto, "We finished but to start."

The attractive wing of society found an ardent devotee
When she waved her gaudy tinsel at Leota Bodley;
Fancy gowns and stylish wraps, luncheon teas,
Permit our friend of old to lead the styles financially.

An orator of great renown is Otto A. Ordowski,
His art he learned declaiming lines Catilinam, Archias, Pompeii.
Great multitudes await him, his eloquence is read,
We wonder if he's affected with a swelling of the head.

Oh! Magic pipe your crystal ball reveals to my keen glancing
A graceful, roguish lass I know attired as if for dancing.
I gaze on her whose elastic step the same as days of yore,
Assured 'tis Laura Carlisle as she glides across the floor.

And William Simpson, grave, sedate is now the governor of his state.
The country sure is safe with "Bill." He'll talk at length and
argue till

The civitates rei publicae
Has knocked the tariff high and dry.

And as the floating bubbles before me upward fly,
The spacious campus, U. of M. my vision doth descry
Miss Florence Gleason, Ph. D., teaching college Latin.
Her students are so interested they start at early Matin
And broadcast Latin messages to students at Manhattan.

Ah I see proceeding from the intellectual beams,
The aviation field of Mt. Clemens in splendor gleams.
A plane about to soar aloft, up into the very sky,
When the commanding voice of Lieutenant Brown gives the signal
"Fly."

Another famous student, Claire Rawley next I name,
Has scaled the height of Science and won a place of fame,
Head Chemist now at Lansing, her laboratory's swell,
Her latest science secrets soon to the world she'll tell.

Vincent Graziadei, the smallest in our honored ranks,
Was just elected president of Marysville Savings Banks.
Vin set about with well-laid plans to instill a system of thrift
Which met with much success, the town toward wealth began to
drift.

Ruth Wittliff's fingers deftly fly over the typewriting keys,
And midst a hustling, bustling work she earns her goodly fees.
Her offices are sought by clerks, and men of lettered rank,
For business tact, efficiency, she'll old St. Stephen's thank.

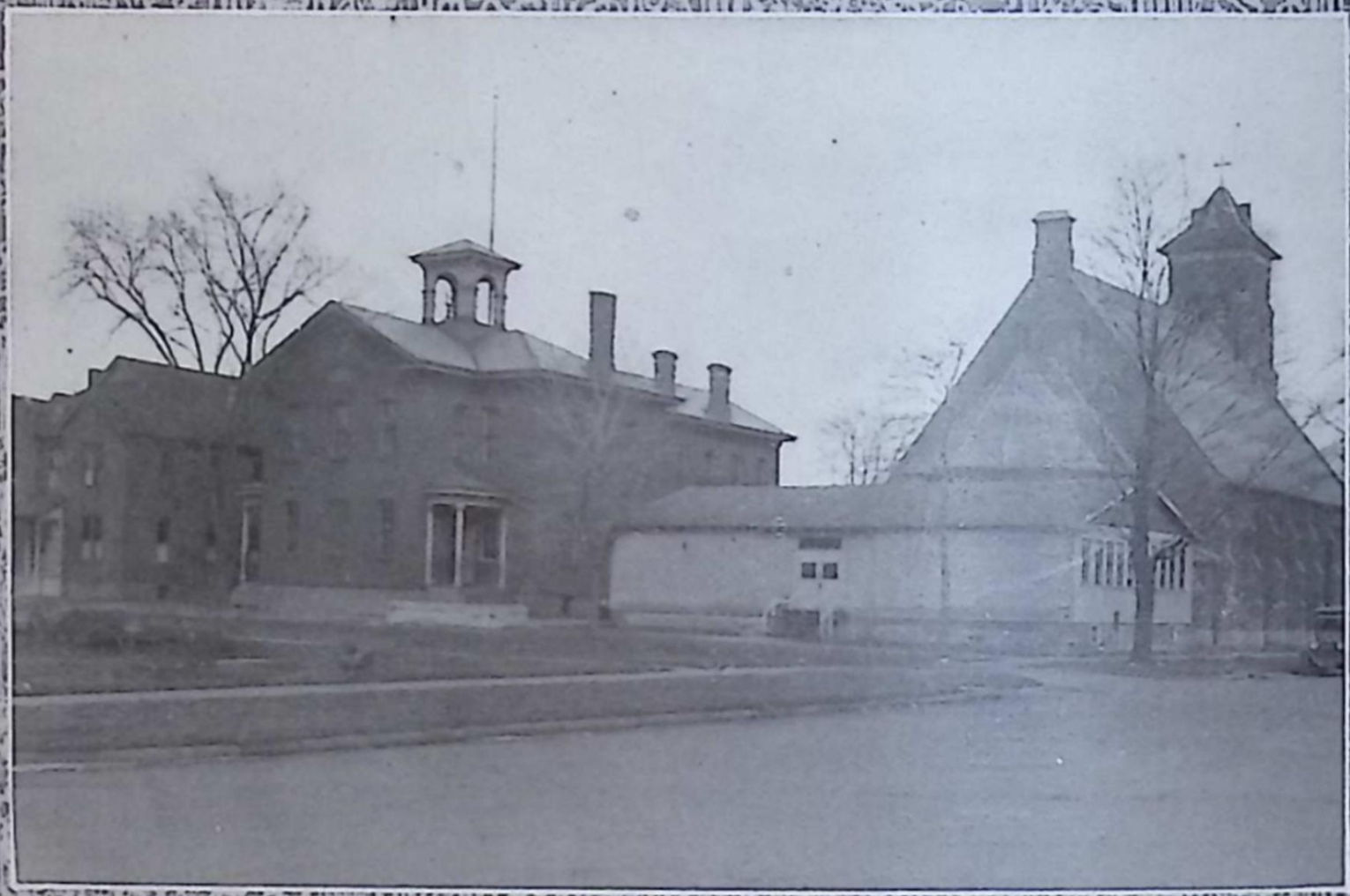
Pursuing still the languages and seeking further knowledge,
Hugh Clancy we find registered at big fair Harvard College.
Delving into Medicine and ancient works of lore,
He'll cut out every pleasure and o'er his books still pour.

Now the "bulla saponis" is rapidly decreasing,
But there remains a spectral sight most appreciating.
Mae Phelan as a journalist has met with great success,
In the measure of duty unfailingly, she's passed its every test.

Gerald O'Brien is manager of the Regent Theatre,
Located on Grand River you'll find him proprietor.
He has the most refined of moving pictures in the land.
It is just the finest place in town since Jerry took the stand.

Deep the shadows lengthen, the sun leaves no lingering ray,
Thus my prophecy ends, I wend from the cavern my way
Into the forest dreary beneath the murmuring pine
I dream of our school-days and classmates, who climbed up the
ladder sublime,
Beckoning me on to their glory do these old comrades of mine
Who have taken advantages offered as the fruits of "Father Time."

"Needed: A NEW School!"



Class Will

Class of 1924, by Ruth E. Wittliff

Reverend Fathers, Dear Faculty, Students and Friends:

Upon behalf of my client, the Class of 1924, of St. Stephen's Academy, of the City of Port Huron, of Saint Clair County, State of Michigan, I have called you together upon this solemn and somber occasion, to listen to her Last Will and Testament, and to receive from her dying hand the few gifts she has to bestow in her extremises.

Forced by circumstances beyond her control to cease her existence and finding, as her end approacheth, so many of her aspirations unfinished, yet realizing that fit bestowals should be made of the virtues and other accumulations she has on hand she does collectively and individually deem it best to bestow them, while still in the quick, to those friends to whom they seem most appropriate.

Unmindful of the wild scramble and frenzied entreaties from her would-be beneficiaries for her several cherished heirlooms, she has endeavored to be absolutely just in the bestowal, as generous as her poverties admit and her impartiality has been limited only by the wisdom she has acquired during her four years of warfare.

Hence, I pray that you accept these offerings as a sacred trust from the departed.

Therefore, we, the Class of 1924, in twenty-four individual and distinct parts, being about to enter a sphere of broader education, with a mind crammed by perseverance, a memory trained by patience and an understanding tempered by obedience do make and publish this, our last will and testament.

And first we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our pastor and his all-wise and ever competent faculty, and our friends and well-wishers, only asking as the last injunction of the dying, that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp, that our worth, our merit, our attainments, and our position as Seniors of "grave and reverend mien" must certainly have deserved.

Item:

We give and bequeath to our beloved Pastors, Very Rev. Fr. McManus and Rev. Fr. Murphy, our sincere affection, our deepest reverence, and our heartiest gratitude, in an attempt at partial payment for all they have done for us while under their kind supervision. It is our wish that as interest on this, our deathless debt each ounce of praise or honor that may arise from our success in the world be accepted by them, knowing as we do that all our achievements will be due to their faithful instructions.

Item:

We give and bequeath to the faculty, our untiring instructors in all the wisdom of the ages a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. No longer need they lie awake through the long watches of the night to worry over the uncertainty of whether this one has carried Virgil safely to his last resting place, or that one saura sa lecon francaise dans le matin, or the other one know the method of deodorizing carbon disulphide. We also give and bequeath to our teachers all the amazing knowledge and startling information furnished them from time to time in our various

examination papers. They are hereby permissioned to give out this information to the world as they deem proper. We trust that they will also feel at perfect liberty to make use of all such bits of wisdom and enlightenment for the education of our underclassmates.

Item:

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope they may be accepted, not as worthless things lavishly thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but as valuable assets to those who may receive them.

1st. To Katherine O'Connor, Leota Bodley's reputation as the peppiest girl in the class, if she fails to live up to Leota's standard the honor shall be forfeited to Marie Gleason.

2nd. To James Bourbonnais, Justin Brown's knowledge of the sciences and the universe in whole or in part. We trust Jim may be able to survive it.

3rd. To Beatrice Laidlaw, Beata Bourke's unique habit of vacationing whenever her school work becomes too monotonous. If Beatrice fails to take advantage of this bequest it shall forthwith pass on to Monica Thwaites.

4th. To Louis Bezenah, Hugh Clancy leaves his medical aspirations, also his proficiency at the piano.

5th. Laura Carlisle, who believes in keeping things in the family, bequeaths her bashfulness (?) to her brother, Gordon.

6th. To Jack O'Sullivan, Raymond Currie's enviable position of good standing with the faculty.

7th. To Helen McCarthar, Marie Charron's skill at playing tennis, on the condition that Helen wins the State Championship by September, otherwise it shall pass to Mary Popplewell.

8th. To Edwidge Bleau, Thomas Donahue's endless knowledge of French. We hope she will learn to speak said language as "fluently" as Tom.

9th. Florence Gleason relinquishes Charles McCafferty to the tender and loving care of Catherine Kelly.

10th. To any suffering Sophomore, George Fountain's knickers, as he recently purchased a new suit of "longies."

11th. Dorothy Green bequeaths her highly cultured voice and satin slippers to Frank Rickker.

12th. To some benighted Freshman,—anybody who will accept it, as it is as yet unclaimed—Vincent Graziadei's troubles as Class Treasurer.

13th. Margaret Marx wills her pleasing personality and her friendly spirit of chat to Beulah Cunningham and Margaret Barrett.

14th. To Dorothy Moss, or whosoever is in need of it, Gerald O'Brien's bluff. Apply early and avoid the rush.

15th. Mae Phelan's remarkable aptitude of getting "George" to do instead of applying her own efforts to Dorothy McMonagle and Hazel Hebard, who thoroughly enjoy the luxury of indolent ease.

16th. Otto Ordowski leaves his position on the football team to Erwin Smith, who has already shown his prowess along that line.

17th. To Ethel Netter and Kathleen Kelly, Claire Rawley's abundant supply of self-assurance. Providing they use it as advantageously as has the donor.

18th. To Morgan Doe, Stewart Sharrow's unbounded love of studying. May he strive as earnestly for the hundred mark as Stewart has.

19th. To Edna Waite, Anne Samberg's surplus stock of chicle. If Edna proves deficient in maintaining the record established by Anne, it shall pass into the possession of Rose Kern.

20th. William Simpson's estimable position of general mirth provoker of the High School to Jack Nelson. We hope he may continue our worthy member's occupation.

21st. To Jack Mallory, the cherished Latin vocabulary of Marvin Westrick; we earnestly request that he refrain from using said vocabulary when under emotion or excitement of any kind.

22nd. The honor of class chauffeur is bequeathed by Ruth Wittliff to Margaret Thwaites.

23rd. To Margaret McMonagle, Rosaria Benenati, and Agnes McDonald, Macrina Zimmer's senior dignity. May they uphold it forever with all her seriousness and gravity, endeavoring to realize its vast importance, in spite of their natural light-mindedness and irresponsibility.

24th. To Maxwell Bernard, the honorable position held by John Walton of general manager and overseer of all his wayward companions. And to his successor on the staff of the Academician the remarkable efficiency with which his duties were accomplished.

25th. To David Easton and Jack McNamara the example of all the members of this class. We have proven ourselves able to keep quiet on all occasions. Sheer numbers ought to convince and convert them.

26th. To the Freshman Class that is to be—any overlooked gum we may have left adhering to the underside of desks, chairs, black-board ledges, or any likely or unlikely places. We have sometimes had to rid ourselves of this in too much haste to be able to pick and choose the most desirable means of disposal.

27th. To the Class of 1925 our seats in the rear of the room; also any stubs of pencils, erasers or scraps of paper that we may inadvertently leave behind us in the excitement and haste of gathering up our cherished treasures for the last time. May they feel free to make use of them, and feel, perhaps, that they may, in some mysterious way, impart some of our great knowledge to them.

Having thus disposed of our entire estate our last petition is that it will be used with such forethought and prudence that the coming classes may derive many benefits from it.

We do hereby constitute and appoint Rev. Fr. Murphy sole executor of this our last will and testament.

Lastly, We hereby revoke all former wills by us at any time made.

In witness whereof, We, the Class of 1924, the testators, have to this will set our hands and seals this first day of June, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

On this first day of June, A. D. 1924 Class of 1924 S. S. A. of the City of Port Huron in the County of St. Clair and the State of Michigan signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, and declared it to be her Last Will and Testament, and as witness thereof we do now, at her request, in her presence, and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

CICERO SAPP, residing at Pontiac, Michigan.
ANDREW GUMP, residing at New York City, N. Y.

VARIOUS PASTIMES OF FAMELESS MEN

Thomas Donahue, '24

Stewart Sharrow	Sleeping
William Simpson	Gazing across the street
Gerald O'Brien	Coming over Tenth Street bridge
Justin Brown	Loafing
Hugh Clancy	Playing
Raymond Currie	Manicuring
George Fountain	Speaking French
Vincent Graziadei	Hurrying
Marvin Westrick	Trying to read Latin
John Walton	Hunting for work
Otto Ordowski	Trying to sing

MOST NOTICEABLE FEATURES

Raymond Currie	Legs
Gerald O'Brien	Hair
William Simpson	Mouth
Justin Brown	Marcelled Waves
Stewart Sharrow	Eyebrows
Marvin Westrick	Ears
Vincent Graziadei	Height
George Fountain	Eyelashes
John Walton	Hands
Otto Ordowski	Dimples

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Hugh Clancy	"Gee Whiz!"
George Fountain	"Hey!"
Vincent Graziadei	"Outside!"
Marvin Westrick	"Free-day!"
Raymond Currie	"Prepared!"
John Walton	"I See!"
William Simpson	"Sister, Please!"
Stewart Sharrow	"Let Me See!"
Gerald O'Brien	"Got Your French?"
Justin Brown	"You Stop!"
Otto Ordowski	"Yah!"

THINGS WE ARE PAID NOT TO TELL

Why Macrina Zimmer and Marie Charron do not bob their hair.
What makes Anne Samberg fond of skating in Sarnia.
Why Laura Carlisle's favorite color is "Brown."
What is Leota Bodley's attraction for a Dodge Coupe.
Why Margaret Marx believes in moving occasionally.
How Dorothy Green gets 90 on her Chemistry Card.
Why Florence Gleason likes to dodge candy wrappers.
What's the cause of Mae Phalen's historical wit.
Why Beata Bourke does not drive her Studebaker any more.
How Claire Rawley succeeds in accomplishing so much.
Why Ruth Wittliff, is always selling chances.

ST. STEPHEN'S HIGH SCHOOL QUARTETTE

Basso Disgusto—Marvin Westrick.
Tenor Busto—Joe Letzgus.
Alto Monotono—Otto Ordowski.
Soprano Buzz-Saw—Irwin Smith.
"Lessons in Football and Boxing a specialty"—Gerald O'Brien.
"Blessings on him who invented sleep"—Hugh Clancy.

———S-S-A———

ST. STEPHEN'S GAS COMPANY

Arwed A. P. Cox—President.
A. Andrew P. Cox—Vice-President.
A. A. Pete Cox—Secretary.
For further information apply to Cox, Cox & Co., who will furnish gas in any amount on short notice.
N. B. The treasurer of this company absconded some time since.

———S-S-A———

WANTS

Something to increase my dignity—Joseph Welsh.
Someone to admire me—Pete Cox.
Glasses which will enable me to study while asleep—Jack Mallory.
To be an angel—Harold Benenati.
To become a Statesman—Raymond Currie.
A nice boy to associate with—Marvin Westrick.
To become a good pitcher—Irwin Smith.
A copy of poems on love and friendship—Dorothy McMonagle.
A place to preach during my vacation—Jack Nelson.

———S-S-A———

FAVORITE DISHES

Next to music the Seniors prefer good eats. Anyone wishing to entertain our "Class" may learn what dishes to serve.

For Stewart—A dish of Sauerkraut.
For Otto—A dish of beans.
For Jerry—A dish of stewed onions.
For John—A tub of olives.
For Bill—A turkey platter.
For Marvin—A bowl of oysters.
For Hugh—A bon-bon dish.
For Vincent—A dish of spaghetti.
For Justin—An apple pie.
For George—A plate of sweets.
For Raymond—A Waldorf salad.
For Tom—The whole cheese.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

Mae likes a good time but abhors study.
Laura prefers a long letter from the right one.
Dot likes gum but dislikes parsnips.
Margaret likes a good square meal, and dislikes gossip.
All Beata wants is a million dollars, and a little spending money.
Ruth likes ice cream three times a day.
Macrina likes sunny smiles and dislikes angry looks.
Leota loves to dance but dislikes washing dishes.
Claire loves the violin but dislikes athletics.
Anne loves to skate but dislikes boys.
Florence likes "Stew" but dislikes dumplings.
Marie likes the style but dislikes to bob.

———S-S-A———

Deep wisdom—Swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Senior

False fair one—Hope fled,
Heart busted—He's dead.

A Junior.

Went skating—'Tis said,
Floor bumped him—He's dead.

A Sophomore

Book famine—Unfed,
Starvation—He's dead.

A Freshman

———S-S-A———

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these "Exams again"!"

———S-S-A———

Wonderful Discoveries! Perpetual Motion Machine! D. Easton's Jaw.

———S-S-A———

SECRET SOCIETIES

Every girl in the class is a member of the mysterious eM-eL-G's Club, and the boys are charter members of "The Royal Do Nothing." Jerry belongs to the "Knockers Club," and John is the busiest of the "Happy Hustlers." Tom is president of the "Hayseed Union" and Marvin belongs to the "Umpty League." The rest of us cannot properly belong to any secret society owing to our inability to keep a secret.

Class Oration

(WITH APOLOGIES TO WM. SHAKESPEARE)

Stewart A. Sharrow, '24

Friends, Teacher, Classmates, lend me your ears:
I come to tell you of the Class of 1924.
Others have told of our deeds and fame,
I will tell you of our faults,
Every class has its faults,
And ours were multitudinous.
The good that is done in school is soon forgotten,
But the mistakes that are made live after them.
So let it be with our Class.
The noble Juniors have said that we are ambitious.
If it is so, it is a grevious fault.
Here under leave of the Juniors and the rest—
For the Juniors are honorable pupils,
So are they all, all honorable pupils,—
Come I to speak in our behalf.
Spring fever and spring weather took from us the love of study.
Of free days our class was the most indulgent.
Perchance we chose our own holiday,
And somehow it always happened that Gerald's
And Vincent's furnaces went out on the same day
So let it be.
We have been mischievous, fun-loving Seniors
But the Juniors say we are ambitious,
And the Juniors are honorable pupils.
We have pursued our Geometry with its planes and angles,
And oft'times we were sent to our seats;
But we received our sentence humbly,
And patiently; knowing that more fun awaited us
At intermission than in the class-room.
When corrected we wept within our hearts
And made firm resolutions.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet the Juniors say we are ambitious;
And the Juniors are honorable pupils.
We were leaders in everything except scholarship.
We were the first to design our own class pennant.
First to enjoy regular Friday entertainment programs,
And the first to have a High Mass said on our Class-Day
Yet the Juniors say we are ambitious;
And, sure, they are honorable pupils.
I speak not to disprove what the Juniors say,
But here I am to speak what I do Know.
We have all loved our books—
English, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, not without cause:

They were pleasant and interesting,
And because we are to leave them, we mourn for them.
Think! People, think, to leave them forever!
Bear with me noble Classmates.
My heart is buried with them,
And I must pause till it comes back to me—
But yesterday we were at our books;
Now lie they there.
And none so poor to do them reverence.
O people, if I were disposed to stir your hearts
And minds to bitterness and rage,
I should tell you of the faults of the Juniors
Whom you all know are honorable pupils;
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong myself and our class.
Than I will wrong such honorable pupils.
Therefore I have told of the faults of our class,
The multitudinous faults in the days that are past,
And in future years hope for the greater success
Of our own as well as the Junior Class.

———S S·A———

EXPECTATION

Dorothy McMonagle, '25

To our Freshmen:

Freshman troubles long are over,
Freshman snubs are now long past,
Freshman trials are gone forever,
For you're Sophomores at last.

To our Sophomorse:

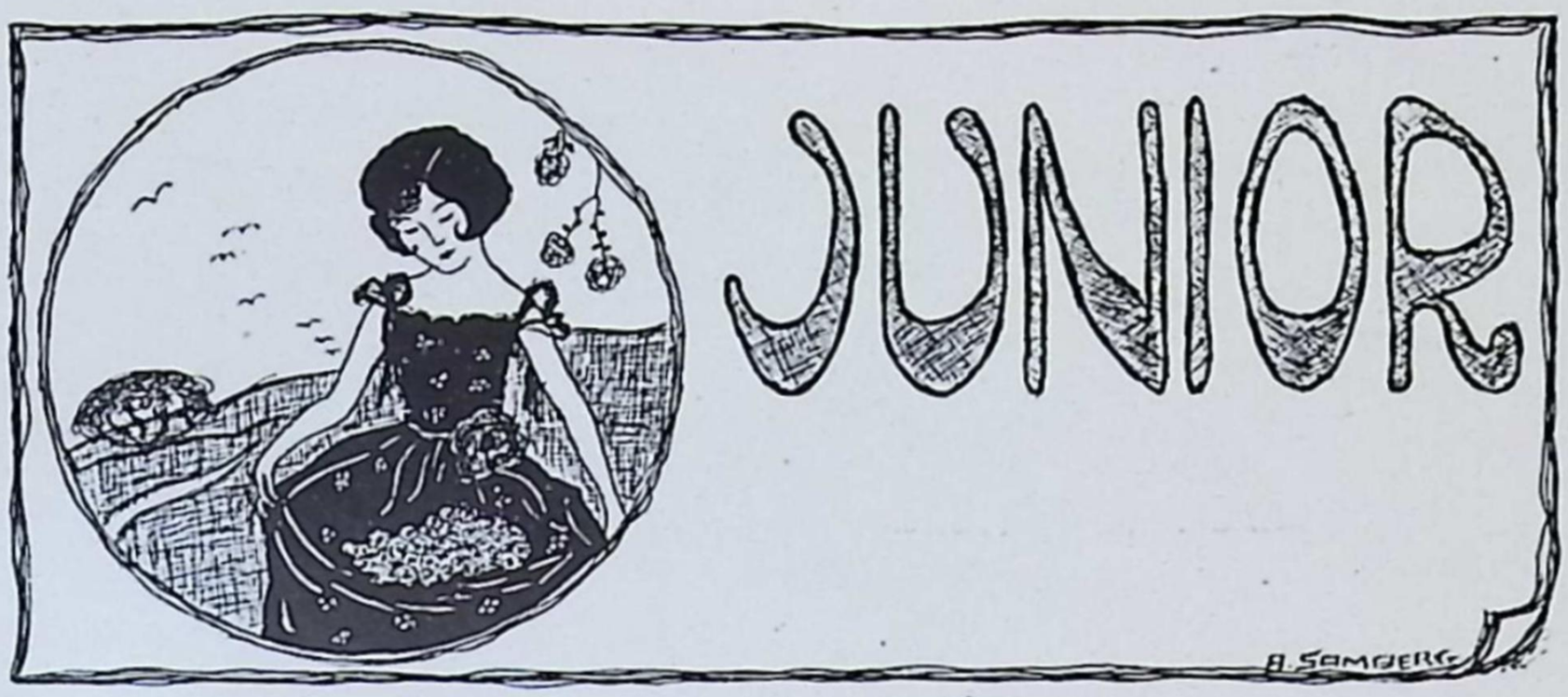
New strifes are each day arising,
Caesar's battles won anew,
But these also now must leave you,
For you're now Juniors; save a few.

To our Juniors:

Third year dignity assuming,
Fits you for your final year,
Third year studies all consuming,
Make your name ring loud and clear.

To our Seniors:

Seniors dear, you'll soon be leaving,
Going forth to meet success,
Heed the many councils given,
And take with you all that's best.



JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Gordon Carlisle, '25

Our Junior year has ended,
And Senior's soon we'll be;
In two short months we'll don
The Senior dignity.

We've mounted fame's bright ladder
From first round to the last;
And day by day in earnest
Each obstacle hath past.

We never claimed perfection,
But effort was ours always;
When doubt perplexed our minds,
From teachers found a way.

Our Freshman troubles bored us;
When Soph's we were more wise;
Our Junior knocks have fit us
For the higher Senior guise.

We're grateful to our teachers
Of this, and other years;
And we hope to show their training
Beneath our Senior veneer.

Just one more thing must happen
To gladden the Junior band,
And that's to receive our credits,
From dear Father Mac's kind hand.

JUNIOR OFFICERS

President—Maxwell Bernard.
Vice-President—Beatrice Laidlow
Secretary—Catherine Kelly
Treasurer—Frank Rickker

Class Motto

"Apres le combat la couronne"

Class Flower

Fleur-de-lis

Class Colors

Maize and Blue

Class Roll

Maxwell Bernard
Rosario Benenati
James Bourbonnais
Edwedge Bleau
Margaret Barrett
Louis Bezenah
Gordon Carlisle
Beulah Cunningham
Morgan Doe
David Easton
Marie Gleason
Hazel Hebard
Catherine Kelly
Kathleen Kelly
Rose Kern
Beatrice Laidlow
Helen McCarthar
Jack Mallory
Margaret McMonagle
Jack McNamara
Dorothy McMonagle
Agnes MacDonald
Dorothy Moss
Ethel Netter
Jack Nelson
Catherine O'Connor
Mary Popplewell
Frank Rickker
Erwin Smith
Jack Sullivan
Margaret Thwaites
Monica Thwaites
Edna Waite

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

Kathleen O'Sullivan, '26

Once upon a mid-night dreary, as I pondered, week and weary,
O'er strange things that fate and fortune cast on me that weary day,
Suddenly, as in derision, there appeared to me a vision
Of my class-mates and my school-mates passing by in close array
Passing, as I oft had seen them—how I wished that they would stay.

First I saw a demure maiden, then eight others, all book-laden.
Who are these who like to study—let the call of duty in?
Need I marvel thus to see them; surely, surely, it must be them;
'Tis the girls, come from St. Joseph's, they who always strive to win,
Yes, striving as I oft had seen them, learning how to work and win.

Following them came joyous lassies; how the waves of memory brings them;
Most had worked, a few had idled, all were of a happy cast;
Some seem worried at the morrow, other still had naught to sorrow;
Some looked far into the future, maybe Latin was the cause;
These had no thought for the present, nor for present doings paused.

Came the boys then, and one muttered; as with face of woe he stuttered,
"I can't learn it, and I don't see, how it can be any use,
Lessons really, truly bore me; I shall ne'er a teacher be,
Why then force me to such torture when I'd rather seek my fortune,
Doing something that would suit my inclination quite as well,
But without the constant ring and jingle of a useless study bell."

Slowly faded then the vision, passed away all its derision,
And I marveled at the thoughts my comrades had inspired;
True, I had a cause for sorrow, and I'll have it still tomorrow
In that room with those same classmates, the St. Stephen's Sophomores.
But, Oh then, what joy! We shall no longer bear the name of Sophomores.

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

President—John Wyllie
Vice-President—Edna Franzel
Secretary—Kathleen O'Sullivan
Treasurer—Charles McCafferty

Class Motto

"Virtus Sola Nobilitat"

Class Flower

Killarney Rose

Class Colors

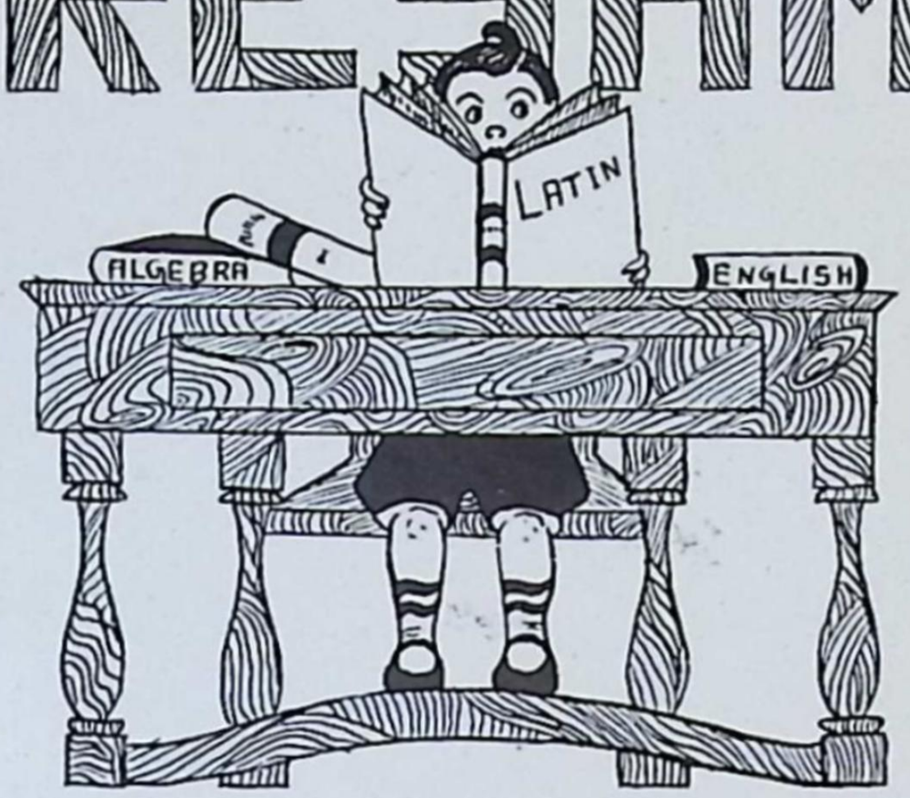
American Beauty and Taupe

Class Roll

Bernard Brown
Harold Benenati
Arwed Cox
Eugene Cameron
Charles Cogley
Raymond Green
William Kennedy
Charles McCafferty
Delbert Molloy
Francis Neaton
Joseph Rickker
Carl Troy
Earl Wright
Joseph Welch
James Woods
John Wyllie

Mary Baldwin
Josephine Cox
Adelaide Carey
Edna Franzel
Helen Hebard
Gertrude Kennedy
Frances Krause
Loretta Kenney
Evelyn O'Brien
Joan O'Meara
Kathleen O'Sullivan
Evelyn O'Hara
Gladys Smith
Margaret Schwikert
Lois Tynan
Margaret Warsalla

FRESHMEN



H. McCARTHAR

THE FRESHMAN BOY

Bernard Young, '27

Pondering his Latin the Freshman boy
Seeks for the word for "could"
He uses his pencil as a toy,
And pounds on his head of wood.

He twists and shakes the desk behind
The spirits of classmates to annoy,
Then starts again "could" to find
Thus does this infant freshman boy.

He hunts and hunts and then concludes
That "could" isn't in his Latin book,
And then decided at the Latin moods
He'd better take just a little look.

He turns the pages the moods to seek
And cram them into his head of wood,
He comes to the page and takes a peek
And finds the moods and the word for "could."

His search is over, his Latin away,
He takes his English a theme to write,
But for squirming and twisting he has to pay
For the teacher makes him stay at night.

And after school she lets him know
He must discard his pencil toy.
With an hour of waiting she says: "You may go"
And homeward bounds the Freshman boy.

The breezes whisper never mind,
The squirrels challenge him a race,
His cares forgotten, new joys find
A welcome smile on the Freshman's face.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

President—Norbert Landon
Vice-President—Helen Marx
Secretary—Frederick Brophy
Treasurer—Mary McCarthy

Class Motto

"Constantia Vicimus"

Class Flower

Sweet Pea

Class Colors

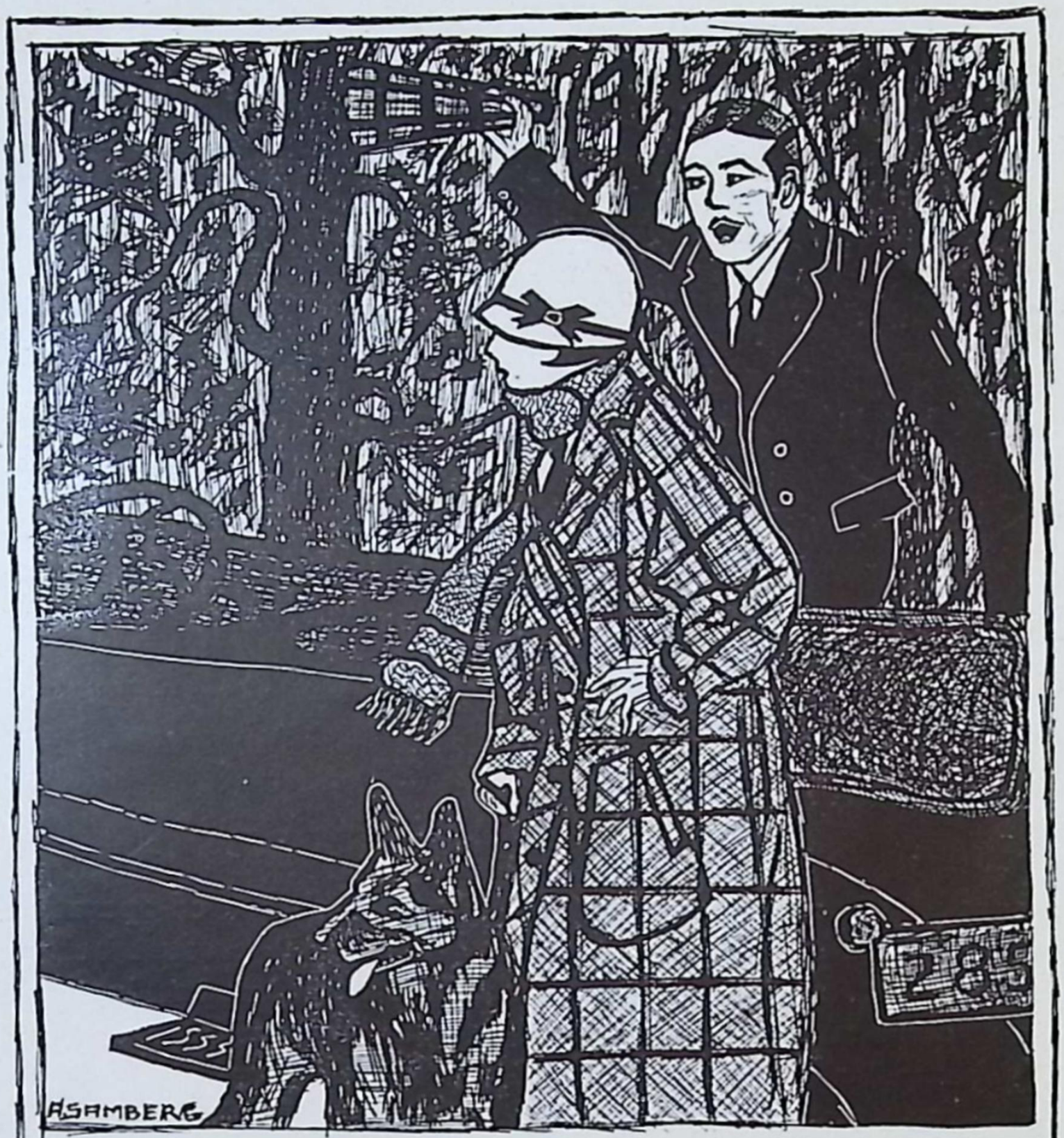
Blue and White

Class Roll

Jean Adamson
Sadie Anter
Robert Bleau
Donald Bernard
Frederick Brophy
Marion Bourbonnais
Ralph Bodley
Sabina Brady
Henry Charron
Leona Cote
Camilla Currie
Florence Coyle
Kathleen Cristner
Frank Donahue
Anne Dunn
William Devereaux
Margaret Donnellon
Charlotte Donnellon
Eleanor Donnellon
Elizabeth Easton
Floyd Elliott

Delbert Enright
Catherine Gill
Frank Gastinger
Margaret Jones
Catherine Karrer
Imelda Kavanaugh
Lillian Kelly
Eleanor Kelly
Mary Kearns
Delmar Kernohan
Alice Kendall
Sylvester Kuschel
Norbert Landon
Alvin Lashow
Morris Leahy
Joseph Letzgus
Margaret McCarthy
Mary McCarthy
Dorothy McCarthar
Helen Marx
Catherine Moser

Beatrice Murphy
Margaret Murphy
Charles Monoghan
Teresa Marone
Joseph Neaton
Beatrice Netter
Eugene O'Brien
Eleanor Patton
Frances Payton
John Perz
Frances Roy
Joseph Schmitt
Norbert Sterosky
John Sterosky
Pauline Vigneault
Ellen Wall
Isabelle Ward
Jerry White
Cecil Wright
Marcella Wyman
Bernard Young



ATHLETICS

Athletic Association Officers

President—Rev. Father Murphy
Vice-President—Stewart Sharrow
Treasurer—Francis Rickker
Manager—William Simpson

———S-S-A———

Athletic Association

Sponsored by the Alumni Association and with the co-operation of the faculty and student body a comprehensive plan is at present being worked out whereby all forms of athletics will be built on a firm and lasting foundation. The nucleus of the plan is an Athletic Committee or Board of Control tentatively composed of three Alumni, three students, a faculty member and one graduate manager for the various teams. If this plan meets with the success which now seems assured it will be a long step forward in the Athletic life of St. Stephen's.

The following officers were elected from the Student body:

President—William Simpson
Secretary-Treasurer—Helen McCarthar
Athletic Manager—Francis Neaton

———S-S-A———

Joe Welch had a little horse,
Its head as wise as Caesar,
He lent it to his best girl friend
'Cause he thought 'twould please her.

'Teacher found the naughty thing,
Drove it far from school.
Then she flunked them both in Latin,
Silly little—boy.

Football Schedule

Score			Score	
3	Seniors & Sophs	vs. Juniors & Freshies	0	Home
3	Yale	vs. St. Stephen's	0	Home
0	Capac	vs. St. Stephen's	27	Home
14	St. Clair	vs. St. Stephen's	0	Away
0	Pontiac	vs. St. Stephen's	1	Home
14	Flint	vs. St. Stephen's	0	Away
7	Mt. Clemens	vs. St. Stephen's	10	Away
12	Junior High	vs. St. Stephen's	0	Home
0	Marine City	vs. St. Stephen's	0	Home
0	Marysville	vs. St. Stephen's	6	Home
0	Alumni	vs. St. Stephen's	22	Home

———S-S-A———

Seniors and Sophs. vs. Junior and Freshies

Early in autumn football practice at St. Stephen's was welcomed by a fine turnout of some thirty ambitious young candidates each eager for his respective position on the first team.

A class game was called to test the metal of these young colts under fire. The Seniors and Sophomores were to play the Juniors and Freshies and the starring players of the game were almost certain of a berth on the representative team. Thus each youth was animated with a desire to make a creditable showing. The second and last year men proved superior, scoring a touchdown early in the game, only to be called back because someone was off side. In the final quarter a forty-yard drop-kick by Ordowski scored the only points of the game for the Seniors and Sophomores.

———S-S-A———

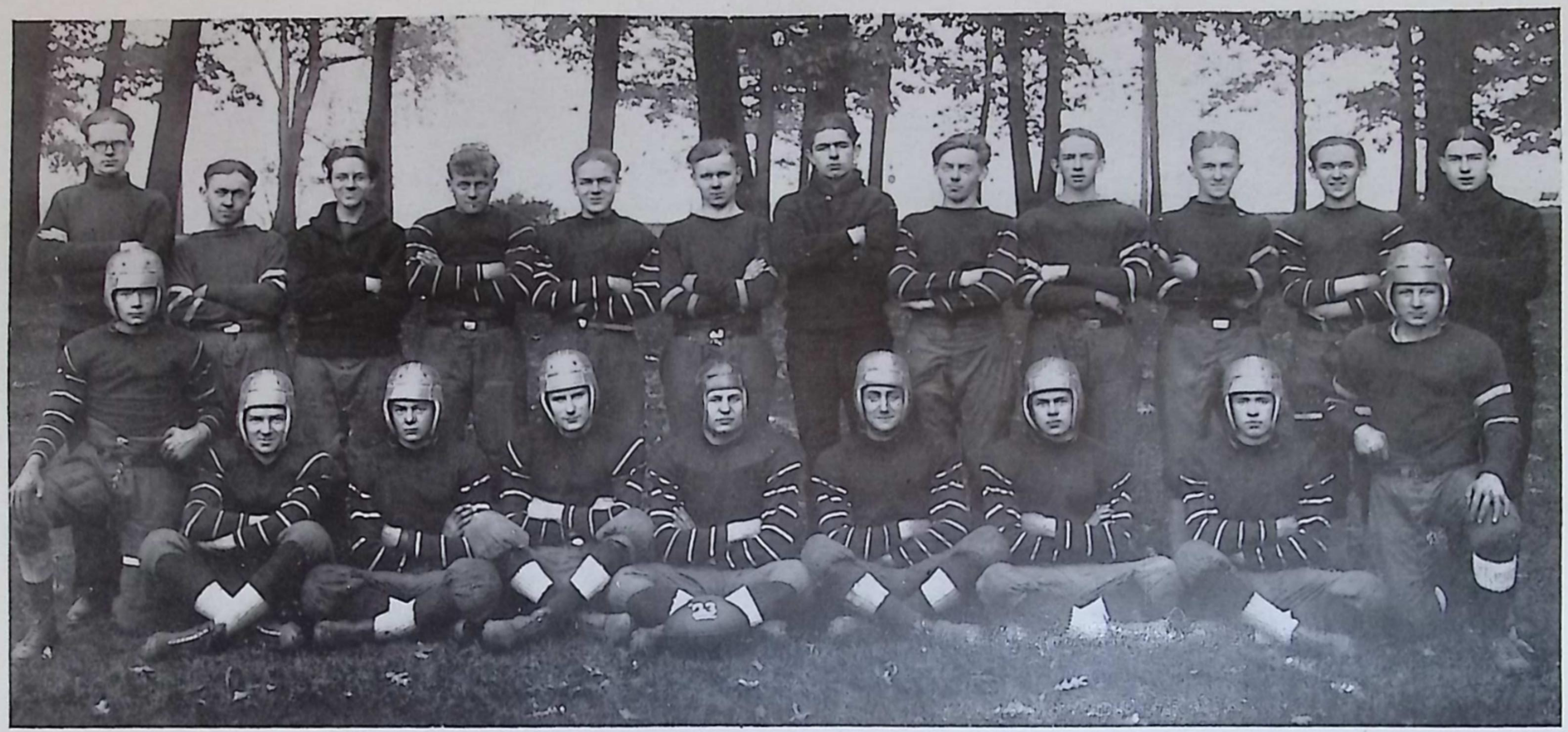
YALE VS. ST. STEPHEN'S

St. Stephen's and Yale clashed in the initial encounter of the season. Each eleven was fighting its first battle and each was eager to win, almost too eager for both teams fumbled frequently. To pick the best team would be doing the other an injustice for they both played stellar football. St. Steven's outpunted their rivals, but they did not outplay them. In the semi-final quarter, St. Stephen's team advanced the oval to the opponents' ten-yard line where they were checked. Yale then punted out of danger. This was the closest our boys came to tallying. In the final quarter, Martin, Yale quarterback, drop-kicked a perfect goal which meant three points. A long pass which caught the Blue and White unawares gave him the position to kick. The play came too late in the game to rally, and St. Stephen's was defeated by a score of 3 to 0.

———S-S-A———

CAPAC VS. ST. STEPHEN'S

The Blue and White after three weeks of idleness, were called to arms to repel an invader. Capac journeyed to Port Huron intent on defeating us, but a flaw in their plans of defense was found by our eleven, and play after



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Top, left to right—W. Simpson, Mgr., T. Donahue, J. Nelson, F. Gastinger, M. Westrick, O. Ordowski, A. Cox, J. McNamara, R. Bodley, F. Neaton, G. Carlisle, F. Wey.

Bottom—M. Doe, J. Walton, J. Rickker, R. Currie, F. Fisher, J. Letzgus, F. Rickker, J. Wyllie, J. Brown.

play was directed at this defect. After the first few plays the outcome of the fracas was little in doubt. The Blue and White played good ball. They passed, they ran, and they kicked, while Capac was helpless to check the teamwork of the locals. They were decisively beaten twenty-seven to nothing.

———S.S.A———

ST. CLAIR VS. ST. STEPHEN'S

A twelve mile trip, a hurried change of clothing, and St. Stephen's were facing another opponent. St. Clair had a powerful team and played a fair game. They were fought hard by the visiting eleven and during the first half the game was anybody's, but they were a heavier team and their powerful line plunges told. Early in the second half St. Clair crashed the line and a burley form flitted across the final strip for a touch-down. In the final quarter of the game St. Clair duplicated this touch-down and carried the honors with a total of fourteen points.

To the disappointment of our gridiron fans the next scheduled battle with Pontiac was not played. Pontiac failed to arrive because of weather conditions.

———S.S.A———

ST. STEPHEN'S VS. FLINT

St. Stephen's had set eyes on the parochial state title: St. Michaels' of Flint cast covetous glances in the same direction. To win the championship, St. Stephen's had to eliminate one of the strongest contenders, which was the powerful Flint team. After a week of gruelling practice Coach Snyder announced his men ready for the fray.

This game was "called" in Flint and as our boys made their appearance on the field and went through their "signals" they looked every inch a football team.

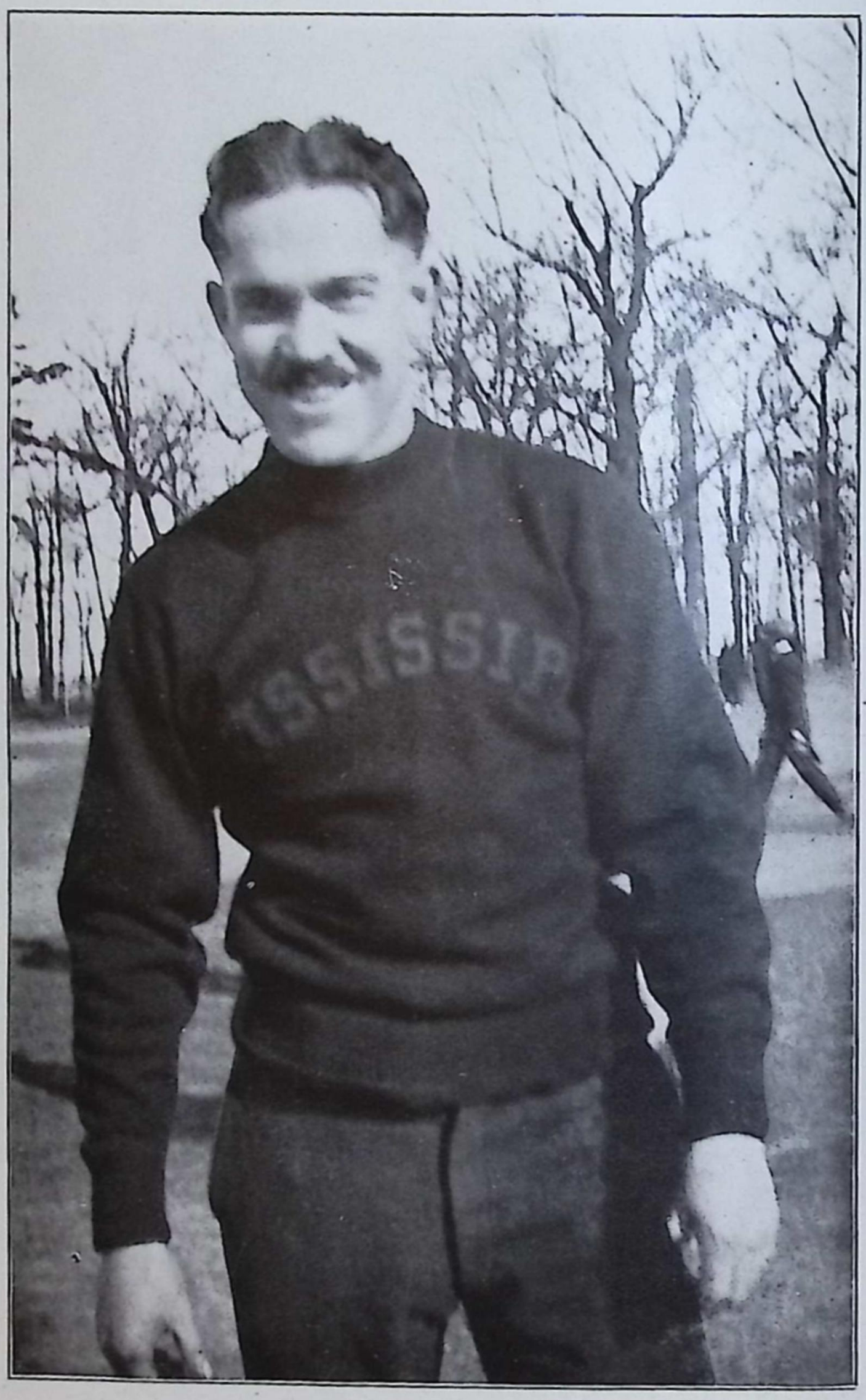
Winning the toss up—they were elected to kick off. The whistle sounded, the leather sailed through the air and settled in the arms of a Flint "back," who returned it ten yards; only to be stopped in his tracks by a fierce tackle from Gastinger. The teams lined up. Flint's attack was being stopped by the persistent tackling of Port Huron. The smaller eleven played superb ball and held the Flint team scoreless, until the closing minutes of the first half when a pass was completed by the "Vehic" lads. The second half opened with St. Stephen's receiving the kick off. They tried to advance the ball down the field but were checked as Flint's powerful attack could not be denied, and again they scored, holding their opponents 14 to 0.

Fighting frantically, but for naught, the "Blue and White" delegation was forced to relinquish the "laurel wreath"; despite the fact that they exhibited better control than in any previous game.

———S.S.A———

MT. CLEMENS VS. ST. STEPHENS

The superiority of our boys, over the St. Mary's star eleven was evinced early in the game. Winning the kick-off, a fifteen yard return was stopped



"Ike"

by a neat tackle. A fumble lost three yards and then came the first tally. Fighting their way to St. Stephen's twenty-yard line, the Bath City boys by a touch-down tied the score, and then the two "were off" in high spirits. In the fourth quarter St. Stephen's pulled a surprise, "the so-called fake pass." Instead of passing they raced around the end for a gain of twenty-five yards, whence a neat tackle brought the play to an end. Dangerously near the Mt. Clemens goal St. Stephen's tried a drop kick. Fisher received the ball and with a powerful kick sent the oval squarely between the bars. This decided the game and with a 3 to 0 score, to their credit, the Saints were nearer the coveted goal, "State Championship."

———S S A———

VICTORY

Bernard Brown, '26

Our men were falling thick and fast,
As through our line their half-back dashed;
A youth who bore mid cheer and shout
A football that was strong and stout.

When halfway down the field he stopped,
Our full-back had upon him dropped.
He lost the ball! we fell on the same,
And that was how we won the game.

———S-S-A———

ST. STEPHEN'S VS. JUNIOR HIGH

There had always been keen rivalry between the Junior High squad and St. Stephen's. According to newspaper prophecies Junior High was scheduled to win by a small margin, for their aerial attack had bewildered opposing teams for the past two seasons. St. Stephen's had been working under a jinx but fresh from victory over Mt. Clemens the preceding day they were in high spirits for this decisive contest and made their debut on the field by winning the toss. In the first few minutes of play the ball was on the Junior's forty yard stripe when a line plunge by Wolf netted nine yards. The Saints' defense then tightened and held the Juniors for downs. The Juniors punted outside on the Parochials twenty-five yard line and our boys began a stubborn march up the field. It was here that "Old Dame Jinx" again appeared. A fumble was covered by a member of the "Golden Tornado" who immediately opened an aerial attack which brought a tally of six points. The Juniors kick was returned from the thirty yard line to the opposite forty yard line, and the Saints made a desperate attempt to advance the ball. But fate was against them, and twice they were within scoring distance only to lose the ball by a fumble. The third quarter opened with the ball in the Juniors' possession on their own twenty-five yard line. The first play was a long pass which thrilled the restless crowd, and added six more points to the score. The ball then see-sawed back and forth until the end of the third quarter, with the score: Junior High, 12; St. Stephen's, 0. In a last desperate attempt to rally the Saints made use of all their tried and true tactics, but the long

distance punting of the Junior quarterback foiled their plans and a long pass netting them twenty-five yards, was all in vain for as the whistle sounded the Tenth Street aggregation was officially pronounced victorious.

Another win was added to our list when Marine City's squad failed to show up. No reason was given for their absence other than fear of our hard hitting aggregation.

———S-S-A———

MARYSVILLE VS. ST. STEPHEN'S

Still smarting under the defeat handed them in baseball, St. Stephen's lined up against the invaders with a grim determination for vengeance. Marysville received the kickoff and tried in vain to crush the "Blue and White" line. The Parochial eleven received the oval and started a spirited attack which carried the ball down the field in an alarming manner. The Blue and White eleven seemed to falter at the goal post, and Marysville then punted out of danger. However these attacks were not to be denied, and when St. Stephen's had advanced the oval to Marysville's twenty yard line, Captain Fisher dropped back to receive the ball for a drop kick. All season Fisher had excelled in punting and drop-kicking; and again he did not fail. Marysville tried to tie the score but St. Stephen's, sensing victory, fought with greater vehemence and maintained their supremacy.

———S-S-A———

THE ALUMNI GAME

William Kennedy, '26

It was the last of the season,
And to St. Stephen's team,
The victory of this game
Would be a perfect dream.

Though they knew they were good,
And had so far done well;
The Alumni were the larger
And would be hard to quell.

So with prayers and with hope
They bravely started out,
To do the best they could
And so remove the doubt.

And if you had observed,
You could not but behold,
The Alumni strutting about
With mien both brave and bold.

They had Pat Kane on the line,
And other men of fame,
Who thought they had come for practice,
More than for the game.

They were sure they needn't fight
Or hardly have to run,
O My! they laughed and winked,
We'll have a lot of fun.

Then the whistle was blown,
And grim determination
Set team against team, in truth
As nation versus nation.

It was brother fighting brother,
A friend against a friend,
The battle raged, yes raged
Right on to bitter end.

But to the older of the teams
There came, a sad surprise
As St. Stephen's score and hopes
By leaps and bounds did rise.

For as every quarter plainly
Showed their clear defeat,
We saw their once high pride
Sink to their very feet.

And at every down
They sure were put to rout,
It looked a wee bit funny
To see them pushed about.

Oh, it felt so very fine,
For younger ones to say
"Now I have you where I want you,
"Get out of my way."

At last the game was ended
Amid a deafening noise,
With twenty-seven to nothing
In favor of our boys.

We were proud that we won,
But the Seniors did soften heart.
They knew in one more year
They'd play the Alumni's part.

———S.S.A———

Pour apprendre a parler,
We hear the same thing every day,
Mais allons, enfants de la classe,
Le jour de gloire est at last.

LINE UP

Left End—G. Carlisle, M. Westrick.
Left Tackle—F. Gastinger.
Left Guard—J. Walton, J. Rickker.
Center—J. Letzgus.
Right Guard—O. Ordowski, L. Sheridan.
Right Tackle—A. Cox.
Right End—J. Brown, F. Neaton.
Quarter—M. Doe.
Right Half—J. Wyllie.
Left Half—F. Rickker.
Full Back—F. Fisher, Captain.

———S-S-A———

ONWARD ST. STEPHEN'S

Words and Music by Father Murphy

Onward St. Stephen's, Onward St. Stephen's,
Plunge right through that line,
Run the ball clear 'round St. Frederick's,
A touch-down sure this time.
Onward St. Stephen's, Onward St. Stephen's,
Fight on for your fame,
Fight fellows, fight and we will win this game.

Onward St. Stephen's, Onward St. Stephen's,
We've the ball this time,
Now he's running for the goal line,
Winning score is thine.
Onward St. Stephen's, Onward St. Stephen's,
Fight will win your fame,
Fight fellows, fight and we'll win this game.

———S-S-A———

YELLS! YELLS!

Yea team, Yea team, Yea team,
Fight 'em! Fight 'em! Fight 'em!!

When you're up you're up,
When you're down you're down!
When you're up against our team,
You're up-side down!!

One, two, three, four, who are you for?
Saint Stephen's, Saint Stephen's,
Rah! Rah! Rah!!

WE'RE OUT TO WIN

We're out to Win!
No matter what's before us,
We're out to Win!
O hear the mighty chorus!
We're out to Win!
The signs are right today,
O see our grim determination as we say
We're out to Win!

———S.S.A———

CLASS SONG

Air: "Loch Lomond"

Come gather, my classmates, and sing once again,
As we bid farewell to the High School,
For never, never more, as in happy days of yore,
Shall we meet all together in the High School.

Chorus:

For some will take the high road,
And some will take the low road,
On life's long way that's before us,
But never, never more, as in happy days of yore,
Shall we meet all together in the High School.

Fond mem'ries of friendship, will ever remain,
Fond mem'ries of old friends in High School,
And blest be the tie that shall bind us 'til we die,
Our true, loyal love for the High School.

And when all our labors are over and past,
And we graduate at last from our life's school,
We hope to meet once more as in happy days of yore,
At our final class reunion in God's High School.

———S.S.A———

THE MISSIONARY

Margaret Thwaites, '25

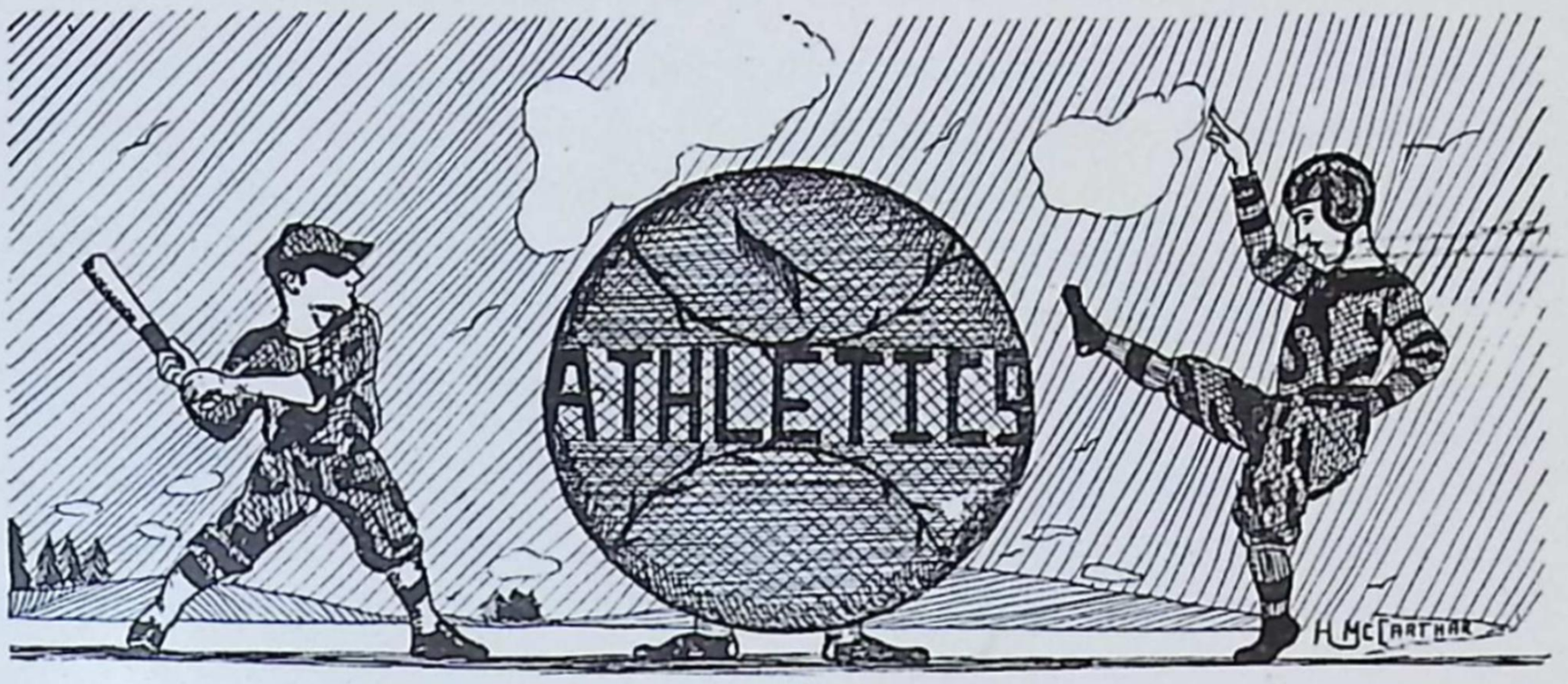
The time has come when he must part,
Then with a smile and joyful heart,
He went to fill the Lord's command
And save the souls of foreign land.

To bring each pagan to his heart
And teach each one his royal part,
To keep, to cheer, to bless, to save,
To keep for God the life He gave.

BASEBALL TEAM

Top, left to right—Wm. Simpson, John Wyllie, Morgan Doe, Justin Brown, Frank Rickker, H. Cox, L. Beznah, Joseph Rickker, A. Cox.

Bottom—Ralph Bodley, Francis Neaton, H. Charron, R. Green, D. Easton. Mascot, Joseph McIntosh.



BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 25th—Capac	vs. St. Stephen's	Home
May 2nd—Interclass Game		Home
May 9th—St. Mary's (Mt. Clemens)	vs. St. Stephen's	Home
May 16th—Holy Cross (Marine City)	vs. St. Stephen's	Home
May 23rd—Marysville	vs. St. Stephen's	Away
May 30th—Alumni	vs. St. Stephen's	Home
June 6th—St. Clair	vs. St. Stephen's	Home

—S·S·A—

Baseball

CAPAC VS. ST. STEPHEN'S

Our first game was a pitcher's duel. The infields of both teams worked with the precision of well oiled machinery and Frank Rickker, our old reliable pitcher, performed admirably. The Saints had their outs and during the first two innings the work of Beznah and Easton was noticeable. The Capac batters who faced Rickker were a bit baffled and were retired in quick fashion or put out on easy rollers to the infield. When Christy the "no-hit hurler" of Capac ascended the mound he had difficulty in controlling the Parochial squad. This was continued until the third inning, when a run was scored by Green, the catcher of the Blue and White squad, who bunted and beat out the hit and stole second and third. When F. Rickker hit between short and third, Green scored before the third baseman could come to his senses. This was the only counter that was put across by the Saints. In the fourth, Capac's batting, and a few errors yielded two runs, which would have beaten the Parochials. But in the sixth the visitors again crossed the plate. Not being satisfied with three runs, they went on a batting rampage in the seventh, scoring five runs. The Saints did not give up hope until the last man was retired. This however did not satisfy their lust for victory and the seventh and final inning proved almost too much; for five runs left St. Stephen's—"way behind the times" in their first baseball encounter.

SENIORS AND SOPHS VS. JUNIORS AND FRESHIES

The Annual Clash between the Senior-Sophomore and the Junior-Freshman nine was a pitchers' duel between Wyllie for the Seniors and Rickker for the Juniors, at least in the first three innings. From then on it seemed a hit for hit game, during which the Seniors collected "A baker's dozen" and their opponents eight.

The infield of both teams was in excellent trim and made good use of the class fray to practice for coming encounters. The outfield had few chances to display its ability, as only three or four scattered hits entered that domain. Rickker was the only starring "round trip man," making a home run on a scratch hit aided by an error. The final score showing the superiority of the Seniors and Sophomores over the Juniors and Freshmen was nine to eight.

———S-S-A———

BASEBALL LINEUP

Catcher—R. Green, S. Kuschel, J. Mallory.
Pitcher—F. Rickker, F. Neaton, J. Brown.
1st Base—J. Wyllie, M. Doe.
2nd Base—D. Easton, R. Bodley, J. Brown.
3rd Base—F. Neaton, H. Charron.
Shortstop—L. Beznah, H. Cox.
Left Field—F. Rickker, J. Letzgus.
Center Field—A. Cox.
Right Field—B. Bleau, G. White.

———S-S-A———

CLASS OF '27

Joseph Neaton, '27

We're the Class of '27
Full of fun and fuss,
See our class year rhymes with Freedom,
Clear the way for us.

We're not vain, but who can beat us,
No one in the race,
You'll discover if you meet us,
Name your time and place.

We're not wise but try to trick us,
Fool us if you can,
Send you smart folks to gold brick us,
Try some foxy plan.

We're the Class of '27,
In this pan of dough,
We're not much, we're just the leaven,
That's what makes it grow.

EDITORIAL

J. W., '24

FAREWELL. There is always a feeling of regret attached to the relinquishment of the duties of any task, which has been entrusted to our care and guidance, and especially is this so with work which has been a pleasant duty for us to perform. And truly, do the members of the Academician staff of '23-'24 experience this regret, upon having to surrender the duties attached to their various positions into other hands. Still, we may feel some satisfaction in the fact that we have endeavored by our untiring efforts to guide our school journal successfully through the many difficulties which confront an undertaking of this kind. As to whether or not our exertions have met with that success which we have so earnestly desired, is for readers and well-wishers to judge. We hope, however, that they will not be too severe in their criticism of our work, for we are fully conscious of the fact that much of our work has been full of imperfections, which are but natural in the lives and deeds of men. We have endeavored to perform our duties as best we could, and having this in mind we feel somewhat elated when we think of the numberless benefits arising from the strict application of our time to so worthy a cause. Many hours of recreation have been sacrificed in order that success might come to The Academician. The hours of toil which have been spent within our Sanctum, and the subsequent worry which accompanied our work from month to month now loom up before us as so many steps to after success.

But now our work as members of the staff is done, and we must, almost with reluctance, hand over the future success of The Academician to more worthy hands. It now becomes our duty to extend our sincere thanks to those who have in any way aided in carrying out the work of piloting our book. Hence, we sincerely thank each and every one who has in any way contributed to make The Academician fitting to be sent throughout the country as a worthy representative of St. Stephen's in the realms of school journalism, whether their aid was in the way of literary contributions or pecuniary assistance. For the most part the Students have shown a lively interest in the Academician's welfare by their excellent assistance in literary matter. But to our subscribers and advertisers we are indeed deeply indebted for the valuable assistance they have rendered in helping us through our financial

difficulties. From this standpoint we have cause to feel that our work has been appreciated by our Alumni and friends, and that they hold a lively interest in their Alma Mater's welfare. So again we extend our sincere thanks for the assistance rendered during the past year, and we hope that this same spirit which has been shown forth this year will ever continue to be one of the characteristics of every true son of St. Stephen's.

And now to our successors we extend hearty congratulations and with them unbounded success in their endeavors. We resign the Academician's welfare to their care with assurance that we will aid them in every possible way so that its pages may ever continue to be held in high esteem by our contemporaries in the world of knowledge.

And as closing remarks, our heartfelt desires are that the pages of The Academician will never be permitted to fade, and as the years glide swiftly by,.that it will ever continue to be a worthy representative of our Alma Mater; with these words our work is done, and to you kind readers we bid a fond farewell.

———S S·A———

COMMENCEMENT

In every endeavor of life and in the history of any human institution there are occasions which bid its supporters exult and rejoice. Efforts have culminated in some grand triumph; fond hopes have been realized, or cherished aims have seen their consummation. It is the hour of an individual or a general triumph. It is the moment when struggling man feels that in the crowning of his endeavors there have been ever-present the strength and courage which come only from above. Providence has assisted such efforts because their end was noble and worthy. Such are the sentiments that well up in our hearts as we announce to our friends that on the eleventh of June, twenty-four more graduates will be deposited upon the beach of every day life by the receding waters of the Annual educational flood-tide of St. Stephen's.

The Commencement will take place at the Majestic Theatre on the evening of Wednesday, June 11th, at 8 o'clock. A very attractive program is in the making as we go to press, and we look forth with pleasurable anticipation to the roll-up of curtain, and song, and dance that await us as we stand amid showering bouquets and applause of friends.

———S·S·A———

NATURE

Beatrice Laidlaw, '25

Nature in her language olden,
Tells to all who may come near,
Tales of ages that were golden
So all will please—give ear.
Many a secret in her keeping
Has been kept from you and me,
Hear them in the streamlets tinkling,
See them in the trembling tree.

Home and Mother

Dorothy Green, '24

"Never a sigh for the cares that she bore for me,
Never a thought of the joys that flew by;
Her one regret that she couldn't do more for me,
Thoughtless and selfish, her Master was I."

—GUEST.

Home! What a hallowed name, how full of enchantment and how dear to the heart! Home, the very word seems to strike every chord of the human heart as it were with angelic fingers.

Ask the lone wanderer as he plods his tedious way, bent with the weight of age and white with the frost of years. Ask him what is home. He will tell you, 'tis a green spot in memory, an oasis in a desert, the center about which his fondest recollections cling, with all the tenacity of youth's first love. It was once a bright and happy reality but now it rests only as an image upon the mind.

Ask the little child, what is home? You will find it is all the world to him. He knows no other. The father's love, the mother's kisses, the sister's embrace, and the brother's welcome, throw around home a heavenly light that makes it seem as fair and serene to childhood as did the untainted garden to our first parents in their innocence.

What is an ideal home? Ah! it is too beautiful for description. It is where husband and wife rule in tranquillity and love, where children are obedient and loving to parents, and where each member of the family strives to make the surroundings pleasant and happy for all.

The home is a little world of itself with rulers of its own. The dearest, the best, and the most just of all queens, the mother acting with her consort, the father, to guide and protect their subjects. And who are the subjects? Are they not the little ones whom God has sent to enliven the home, the chosen ones of the Creator? If it were not for them the queen would have no subjects and what queen is happy without subjects?

The songs that cause the greatest emotion and bring joy and gladness to the heart and tears to the eyes are those written about home and mother. Who does not feel a thrill when he hears the dear old song:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

In the humble cottage of Nazareth we have a model of the loveliest home and its queen. It has been an example for all generations throughout the ages, and one on which present day family life should be founded. If all mothers would take the heavenly Queen as their model—how reverently would we bestow upon them that sweetest, dearest and best of all earthly titles—"A pure and holy mother."

School and Home

In the recent extraordinary development of the radio, it should not be overlooked that there have long been other systems even more powerful in broadcasting information and knowledge over the country. I refer to a system which requires no high power transmitter, no aerial, no amplifier, and has none of the disadvantages and annoyances of dead spots, silent periods, whistles and fade-aways. This system is the communication between school and home. From the school a wireless reaches to every home subtly yet effectively with instruction based on facts and truths of right living.

If a spirit of sympathy and community service exist in the home, there will be found that spirit of co-operation that should exist between schools and home.

Is your home such a station, raising its giant tower above all petty grievances and repelling all unjust criticisms of school and teacher who is striving with ardor and enthusiasm to train and develop your child and impart to him that mental equipment that he may take his place in the great wide world of human activity and know how to live in friendship and peace with God and his fellowmen, endowed with that attitude of mind toward all lawful authority that makes possible just and righteous and beautiful governmental activities and community service?

———S-S-A———

YOUR NICHE

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill;
And it waits today,
Along life's way,
For the boy with a frank "I will!"
So lad be true,
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.
There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For the girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place is waiting still.
So lass be true,
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

———S-S-A———

ADVICE

We need in this school a disease
Which sure can be taken with ease;
It's name is school spirit,
We never should fear it;
So catch it at once, if you please.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Social

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Oh! stay, Oh! stay,
Joy seldom weaves a chain,
Like this tonight, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.
—Moore.

Sentiments, which will bear remembrance in after years as the Senior of '24, fondly casts upon the pages of his "Memory Book" a half reluctant look, regretful that his school days are no more.

It was on October 29th, that the first of a series of social evenings was held, when the Misses Ruth Wittliff, Mae Phalen and Margaret Marx entertained at a masquerade at Miss Wittliff's home.

The many grotesque and absurdly attired guests who gained admission to the house through the basement door, were indeed unlikely to be taken for dignified Seniors, but then appearances are sometimes deceiving.

Shakespeare's witches—all three of them roamed at will down the darkened hallway of the "Chamber of Horrors" and it seemed as though many of the spirits of yester-year were "Doomed for a certain term to walk the night."

A gypsy fortune teller whose predictions were anything from a brilliant career to death at the twelfth hour, also divulged deep secrets.

Social games and a bountiful hallowe'en repast helped make this first class party a decided success.

———S-S-A———

SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM BANQUET

During the football season the Senior girls were hostesses to the St. Stephen's Eleven, at a banquet held in the school hall.

Owing to a week of rainy weather the Pontiac team in whose honor the affair was planned, failed to appear, so the "Blue and White" squad had more than its share of good things to eat.

Rev. Father McManus, Father Murphy and Coach Snyder, also honored on this occasion gave interesting talks on the value of good sportsmanship and congratulated the team on its creditable showing.

Capt. Fisher responded thanking those who have been instrumental in the betterment of school athletics, and also giving a toast to the young ladies for the interest shown, and for the capable manner in which they entertained.

Then followed a program of songs and cheers led by Irwin Smith in which everyone joined with true loyalty for St. Stephen's.

"'TIS THE MONTH OF OUR MOTHER"

Again as the year rolls around comes the "Month of our Mother," the blessed and beautiful days," and with it comes memories of the past and hopes for the future. No wonder, then, we rejoice as dawns the feast month of our dear Mother, Mary, for we are reminded most forcibly of what we owe to her intercession, and what we may expect from her blessed hands. But it is not only during the blessed May days when the earth is decked in beauty and the green sod enameled by the white gleam of the daisy and the golden butter-cup and dandelion that true clients of Mary pay their tribute of love and devotion to their Mother.

Thus the members of St. Stephen's Academy assembled on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and in legion, song, and story told their praises of "Our tainted nature's solitary boast." Every pupil had done his utmost to make this feast the day of days.

The decorations had been placed in the able hands of Gerald O'Brien and Jerry was lavish with the blue and white. Because the United States had been especially placed under the protection of the Immaculate Conception the students endeavored to associate closely religion and patriotism hence flags and banners lent an air of brilliancy to the scene.

A trio of committees, each contributing its quota of song and speech expressive of love and devotion to our Queen, to our Alma Mater, and the faculty, revealed the strength of the bond which united the Sophs with the Juniors and Seniors. The versatility of their genius was admirably displayed, incited by the spirit of friendly rivalry existing among them and was shown particularly by the splendid musical numbers.

The altar banked with palms and cut flowers was aglow with lighted tapers while at the very pinacle, half-hidden by lilies, emblems of her own loveliness, stood the blue mantled statue of the Immaculate Conception. Thus the Academy classes paid a magnificent tribute to her, to whom all nature as well as every true poet and artist has striven to exalt as the embodiment of All Truth, All Beauty, All Goodness.

"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

———S.S.A———

YULETIDE PROGRAM

"The joyful bells how sweet and clear,
Their mirthful sounds fell on our ear."

At a program headed "Christmas at St. Stephen's" the entire High School enjoyed one of the most delightful afternoons of the year. The room was artistically festooned; the red and green predominating, while in the upper left corner stood a sparkling Christmas tree loaded with gifts for the gleeful, eager watchers.

The program opened with an address to Rev. Father McManus and Rev. Father Murphy in which we endeavored to express our appreciation and

good wishes of the beautiful tender Christmas time. Santa Claus with his whole battalion of fun-makers was there and presented Reverend Father McManus with a beautiful Missal to replace the much thumbed one of past years. Father Murphy smiled blandly as a set of morocco Brevaries were presented him. Mother Mary Louis was completely surprised with a handsome traveling bag—and while she protested that it was rather suggestive we redeemed ourselves by a card showing a High Mass previously arranged as a tribute of affection. Sister M. Thomasina received a five dollar gold piece and a mass during the Yuletide.

Then there was an indescribable gusto in Santa's voice as he called our names one by one and the "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" in the jollification that followed. During this happy hour of joy and laughter many chords were struck to which the heart-strings vibrated tenderly. With the singing of "Adeste Fidelis" all departed to dream sweet dreams of the real Christmas morn and the coming of the Christ Child.

———S-S-A———

ATTEMPTED SLEIGH-RIDE

And now we must bring our deserving "Hosts" into the limelight. The boys had made all arrangements for a sleigh-ride, but on February 2nd to our disappointment there was no snow: so Raymond Currie kindly invited the class to his home.

The hours were spent very delightfully, there being six tables of bridge in play with prizes awarded to the Misses Mae Phalen and Leota Bodley and Messrs. John Walton and Justin Brown.

A tasty pot luck supper, served at a large table concluded the evening's pleasure.

———S-S-A———

SLEIGH-RIDE

"And best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night."
—Moore.

Perhaps the "early to bed and early to rise" devotees will question this statement, but when on February 10th the sleigh-ride became a reality, the Seniors were all "in" for roll call.

The two hours ride, on this cold wintry eve, was certainly a jolly one. Bundled up like "nomads of the North" the "24 of '24" enlivened their party by frequent cheers and many songs.

Later they drove to the home of John Walton where a "Valentine" luncheon was served. The company was seated at two tables both beautifully appointed in keeping with the approaching feast. Mrs. M. Graziadei and Miss Mary Hastings chaperoned.

BENEFIT PARTY

The ladies of Branch 403, L. C. B. A. very kindly offered the use of the Ladies' Library Hall, on their regular meeting night to the Seniors who staged a dance, the proceeds going to the Academician fund.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCafferty and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Kernohan chaperoned the dancers who enjoyed the excellent music provided by a five piece orchestra.

———S S-A———

PRE-LENTEN PARTY

Just previous to the forty days of "fasting and penance" the Seniors were entertained by Miss Claire Rawley at her home on Beers street. The party designated on the invitations "Just for Fun" certainly was all of that, and in almost every variety.

For those who desired keeping their mental faculties at work, even during pleasure hours, there was a guessing contest in which Miss Beata Bourke and Messrs. Raymond Currie and Gerald O'Brien received clever prizes.

Then the many new bridge sharks enjoyed their favorite game with "hearts" trumped to the tuneful melodies rendered by our talented musician, Dorothy Green; and later after all "honors" had been counted the whole class joined in the singing of popular songs.

For the benefit of the bashful? Senior boys, Miss Rawley chose a novel method of coupling her guests. Each girl received a "Diamond" solitaire, to which was attached a card bearing a boy's name; whom according to Leap Year custom she escorted to the table where a delicious lunch was served.

———S-S-A———

HISTORY PROGRAM

When a man has attained success and left behind a lasting memorial of his achievements the world sometimes reveres his memory by setting aside a day of honor.

Abraham Lincoln's birthday on February 12th was the occasion of a "Historical" Program presented by the members of the Senior Class, in which the following participated.

America - - - - - - - - - - - Class
February's L's - - - - - - - - Margaret Marx
Washington and Lincoln - - - - - Gerald O'Brien
American Creed - - - - - - - - Otto Ordowski
Flag Salute - - - - - - - - - - - Class
Return of the Flag - - - - - - - Justin Brown
Lincoln a Witness for Shakespeare - - - Stewart Sharrow
A Nation's Game—Interlocutor - - - - Anne Samberg

Prizes won by Stewart Sharrow and Thomas Donahue

Biography - - - - - - - - - William Simpson
Lincoln the Magnanimous - - - - - - John Walton
Tramp! Tramp! - - - - - - - - - - Chorus
Gettysburg Oration - - - - - - - Vincent Graziadei
Perfect Tribute - - - - - - - - Florence Gleason
"Old Glory" - - - - - - - - - - - All

—S.S.A—

EASTER PARTY

The springtime social activity of the Seniors opened with an Easter Party at the home of Miss Leota Bodley on Monday evening, April 28th.

At six tables the guests played Bunco, the winners being Misses Florence Gleason, Margaret Marx and Messrs. Marvin Westrick and Hugh Clancy.

Dancing to music furnished by the "Senior trio," Dorothy Green, piano; Beata Bourke, banjo and Raymond Currie, violin enlivened the evening's fun. Also vocal selections were especially well rendered by our Senior boys, their specialty number being "It Ain't Going to Rain No More."

Then there was a mock wedding with Marie Charron as the blushing bride and Justin Brown, her dutiful bridegroom. Laura Carlisle and Marvin Westrick attended and Gerald O'Brien performed the duties of officiating clergyman. This ceremony caused much merriment.

The luncheon, served at small tables, was in keeping with the Easter scheme.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them."

And we know that 'ere Commencement Day comes, we will be entertained by Miss Dorothy Green on May 7th and Miss Laura Carlisle on the 24th of May.

Class Day comes with its round of pleasures. The banquets and parties are looked forward to and quite an innovation will be the Class Breakfast to be served at the home of Miss Marie Charron, given by Miss Charron and Mr. Gerald O'Brien. The class will receive Holy Communion in a body at the eight-thirty mass on June 11th and then proceed to Miss Charron's home.

—S.S.A—

JUNIOR PARTY

To prove that all the Junior talent, did not run entirely along the literary lines Miss Agnes McDonald proved to be a very pleasing hostess, when she entertained the Junior Girls at a Masquerade Party on October 29th, at her home on Howard street. Guessing games and dancing were enjoyed and at the close of the evening a three course lunch was served at a table very prettily decorated with Hallowe'en appointments.

M. L. G. CLUB

The Senior girls soon after the Christmas holidays met at the home of Miss Ruth Wittliff and organized a social club. The executives of this group are: President, Florence Gleason; Secretary, Anne Samberg; and Treasurer, Claire Rawley.

Meeting every Thursday evening at the various homes, the girls have spent the time playing bridge and so the spirit of sociability has helped to add pleasure to their last days at school.

———S-S-A———

TOAST TO THE JUNIORS

Ethel Netter, '25

We're dignified Juniors,
Who study each night,
Our French and our Chemistry,
In fact we are bright.

Next year we'll be taking,
The seats in the rear,
We'll call ourselves Seniors,
The name that's so dear.

We'll gaze on the Juniors,
Who before us will sit,
Very studious at lessons
Indeed full of wit.

We're eagerly waiting,
Each lad and each lass;
When we'll be called Seniors,
The leaders in class.

———S-S-A———

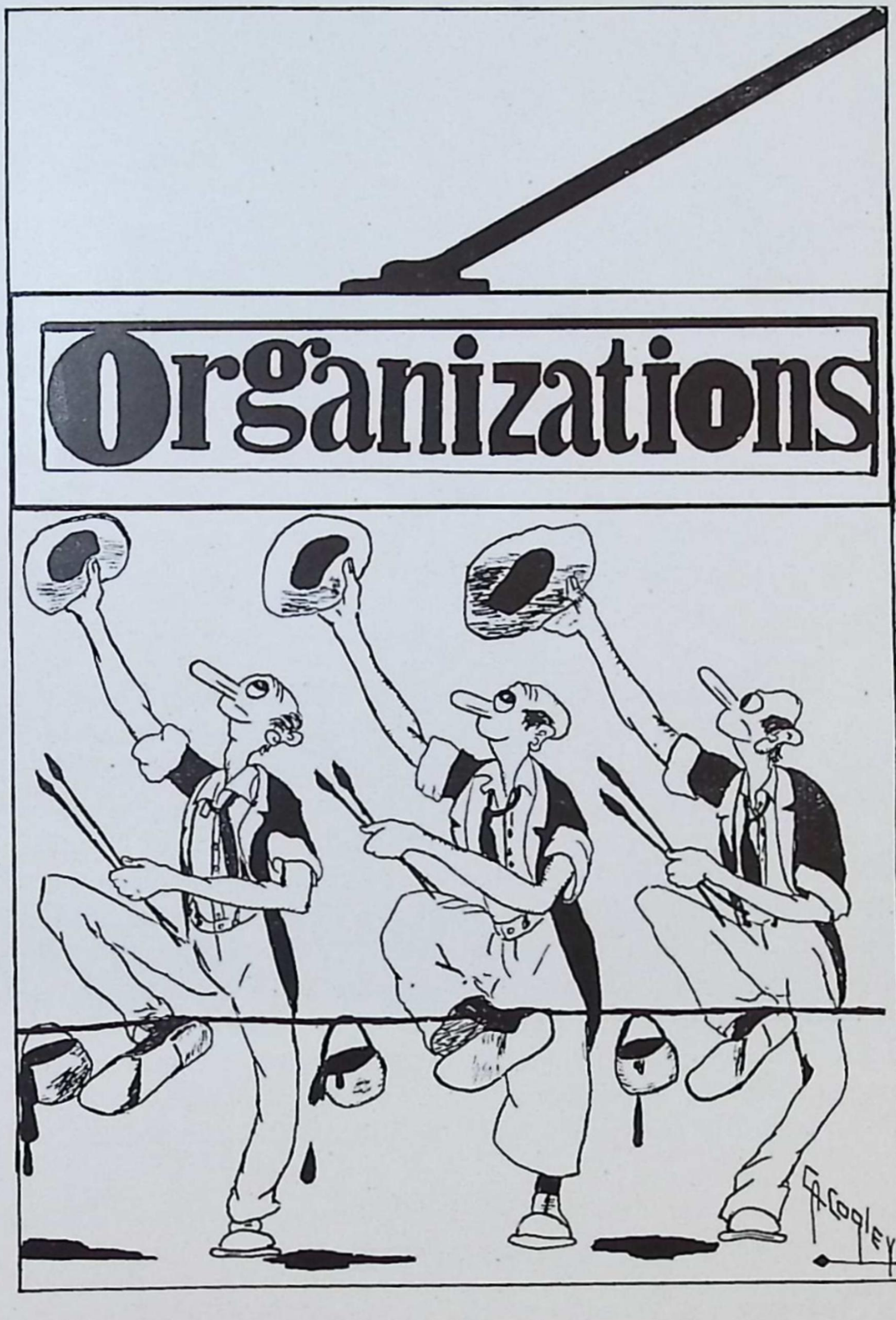
TOAST TO THE SOPHS

Kathleen O'Sullivan

Oh, a wonderful class is the Sophomore Crowd,
As it battles with studies each day;
They have faults, it is true, be they many or few;
And some may say that they never knew
Very much; all they did was play.

BUT

The Sophs aren't so bad as some people say;
They're improving every day;
They aren't so good there's no room to improve
But who will say that they never move?
The Sophs are all right—Hooray!


Organizations
C.A. Cooley

ALUMNI OFFICERS

President—Edward Daugherty
Vice-President—Patrick H. Kane
Secretary—Frances A. Walton
Treasurer—Grace A. Moore

ACTIVITIES

The 1924 Football season of St. Stephen's school was brought to a successful close at a banquet given by the Alumni on the evening of Saturday, January 5th. St. Joseph's hall in which the affair was held had been attractively decorated in blue and white, and here, at one large table the guests were served by the young ladies of the Alumni. Mr. James Lamb, a former football star acted as chairman of the evening, while Coach James Brennan of Detroit was the principal speaker and gave a very interesting talk on "The qualities necessary to the successful athlete." Following Mr. Brennan's speech Rocco Borzone presented Coach "Ike" Snyder with a purse and a suitably engraved gold football watch fob. Patrick Kane was then called upon and responded with a speech on the newly formed Board of Control. Capt. Frank Fisher after expressing his thanks to the alumni, also told of the good work his "gridiron warriors" had accomplished, and led them in a series of spirited yells.

———S S A———

HARD TIME PARTY

In St. Joseph's hall on Seventh street, the Hallowe'en Hard Time party of the Alumni was held. The hall was attractive with black cats, witches, cornstalks, and other wierd decorations, while the orange and black shades shed a soft mellow light over the gay assemblage. Dancing to Frances Atkinson's orchestra of three pieces, the guests enjoyed a special Hallowe'en fox-trot and other novelties. For those who preferred card playing there were tables for Bridge, Five Hundred, and Pedro. Cider and doughnuts were served during the evening.

CHARITY PARTY

Uniting their efforts with those of St. Ann's Society, the Alumni helped make the charity party given in the Lake Carriers' Hall February 4th a success. Given to secure funds for the furtherance of Father Murphy's works of mercy, the financial results were most gratifying and the social evening of dancing and cards proved most enjoyable.

———S-S-A———

NOTES

Miss Leota Bodley and Mr. Stewart Sharrow hold the distinction of being the only members of our class whose mothers have also graduated from the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Miss Bodley's mother was a member of the first class to be graduated by these Sisters, while Mr. Sharrow's mother was a member of their fourth graduating class. Miss Genevieve and Mr. Joseph Easton, also claimed this honor in their respective classes '21 and '22. Mr. Gerald O'Brien's mother graduated from St. Stephen's School of Music.

———S-S-A———

GRADUATES OF '23

Name	Where Situated	Occupation
Ellen M. Atkins - -	Port Huron	Sperry's
A. Leo Bauman - -	Detroit	University of Detroit
Genevieve H. Bernard -	Port Huron	At home
Rocco A. Borzone -	Detroit	University of Detroit
Marie J. Corry - -	Port Huron	Amazon Sweets
M. Ruth Cox - -	Port Huron	Cochrane's
Alice E. Doe - - -	Port Huron	Ladies of the Maccabees
Carmon J. Graziadei -	Port Huron	Morton Salt Co.
Othello J. King - -	Port Huron	Michigan State Telephone Co.
Deborah A. Lamb -	Port-Huron	Port Huron Business University
Carl J. McMonagle -	Detroit	University of Detroit
K. Frances Mallon -	Port Huron	Port Huron Business University
Eleanor L. Miner -	Port Huron	K. of C. Rooms
Maureen M. Moss -	Smith Creek	School Teacher
Philip J. Neaton - -	Detroit	Ford Plant
M. Grace O'Rourke -	Port Huron	Smith's College of Phonography
Harold E. Nicholson -	Detroit	University of Detroit
Loretta I. Renehan -	Port Huron	Port Huron Business University
John R. Schwickert -	Port Huron	Wills Sainte Claire, Inc.
Herbert J. Spey - -	St. Clair	Wills Sainte Claire, Inc.
Joseph C. Trese - -	Annapolis	Naval Academy
Rose C. Warsalla -	Port Huron	Port Huron Business University

———S-S-A———

ODE TO THE SOPHS

My Caesar, 'tis of thee,
Short road to lunacy,
Of thee I rave;
Another month or so
Will send me straight below
Into my grave.

To the Alumni of St. Stephen's:

With the pleasure of sending a message to you through the Academician came the thought of the many years St. Stephen's has served and of the innumerable gifts it has bestowed upon those privileged to receive them. Its value, however, is correctly judged only by the use to which these benefits are put.

There is an expression which now and then comes to light that we should "beware of too much good staying in our hand." The inference, of course, is that it cannot be passively held without frustrating the end for which it was intended. The miser hoarding and coddling his gold is despicable not solely because of his pinched attitude toward the more valuable things available to him, but because he nullifies the usefulness of the wealth he has obtained. The servant in Scripture who labored to duplicate the five talents entrusted to him received the approbation of his master whereas the servant to whom the one talent was given sank into oblivion immediately after he buried it. It is indicative of the worthlessness of the latter, and those he typifies, that nothing further of him is recorded.

All the potential power in the universe is as nothing unless put to use; it must be applied in order to be effective. This is particularly true of the benefits received at St. Stephen's. The principles and ideals taught us there accomplish naught if merely permitted to exist aimlessly in our minds. When properly utilized, however, they exert a force productive of good both to those who apply them and the school from which they came.

An appreciation of the advantages and possibilities in our education may be had from the biographies of men who attained the heights though handicapped by limited preliminary training. Few are more inspiring and encouraging to the heart of America than those of Washington and Lincoln who notwithstanding mediocre schooling received the highest honors their country could confer. It would be unreasonable perhaps to imply that even the minority of today could accomplish as much as did these men, but the fact remains that the average education of our time far exceeds theirs in scope and that many, although possessing similar early ability and as great a capacity for development, achieve much less. It should be reassuring to those interested in the welfare of St. Stephen's to note the extent to which the careers of Washington and Lincoln reacted on all their former associations and environments. The one elevated a log cabin to the dignity of the White House, the other made Mount Vernon a national shrine.

The most fitting compensation then that we can render for the benefits derived from St. Stephen's is to industriously use the education that has been given us. We justify the school's existence, and the results accomplished by our faithfulness to its teaching form the evidence by which the school itself is judged. Our appreciation measures the estimation in which it is held by others. May we, therefore, and those who are to follow us, so use its gifts that St. Stephen's will ever be "A seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation."

B. J. O'FLAHERTY, '09.

SIGMA SIGMA ALPHA FRATERNITY

Left to right—Clarence Adamson, Joseph Easton, Louis Samberg, James Stack, Carl McMonagle, Rocco Borzone, James Lamb, Ambrose Cote, Edward Dougherty, Leo Baumann, George Walton, Harold Nicholson.

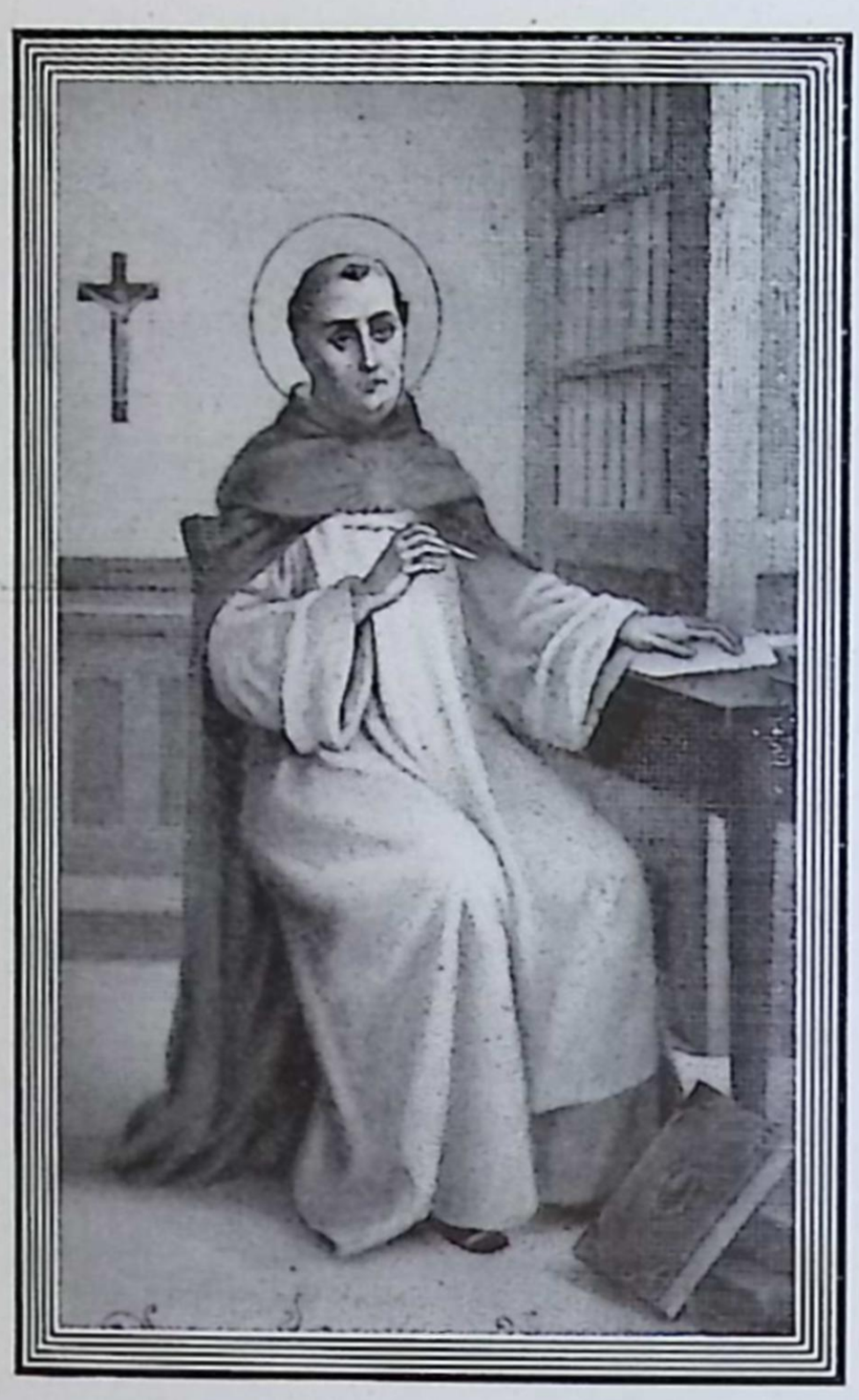
The above young men are all graduates of St. Stephen's Academy and are now pursuing various courses at the U. of D. Mr. Lamb and Mr. Dougherty are the pioneers of this unique organization, the former will receive his sheep-skin in '26. He is taking up Electrical Engineering from which course he will obtain his degree two years hence. Mr. Dougherty is in the School of Commerce and Finance and will graduate in '25.

Engineering, Journalism, Commerce and Finance, or Law is occupying the time of the other members of this Fraternity. The name of the Frat, "Sigma Sigma Alpha" was chosen by its members as a tribute to their Alma Mater (S. S. A.) and it is hoped that this nucleus may advance step by step reinforced by recruits sent forth from the portals of old St. Stephen's until it holds a prominent place among the brilliant assemblage of U. of D. organizations and fraternities.

May the members of the Sigma Sigma Alpha hold high the ideals of every thing truly great and noble as instilled into them at their Alma Mater, thus in due time they may take their places in the various walks of life respected and admired by society; recognized as men of talent and genius as fixed, stable and solid pillars of State.

———S.S.A———

Our John one day went to the Lab,
But now he goes no more;
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4.



Saint Thomas Aquinas

ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS

Gerald O'Brien, '24

We have named our Literary Club after St. Thomas Aquinas, therefore it is only fitting and proper that we give him a little space in the book, which we are leaving behind us as our volume of the Academician Library, as a small tribute of the love and respect we have for him. Our brief article can in no way equal what the intellectual world owes this great saint and doctor of theology; for he is the glory of our Holy Mother the Church, the patron of all Catholic schools, and the Flower of the Dominican Order.

On the afternoon of Friday, March 7, 1924, in honor of St. Thomas' feast day we gave the program in his honor. The invocation to St. Thomas was given after which the reading "A Great Man" was given by Carl Troy. Next "An Appreciation of St. Thomas" and "The Poetry of St. Thomas" were given by Gerald O'Brien and Stewart Sharrow respectively. "O Salutaris" one of St. Thomas' hymns was then sung by the ensemble, and a concluding paper "The Declining Years of St. Thomas Aquinas" was given by Kathleen O'Sullivan. Thus we strove in our humble way to make the "Angel of the Schools" better known and loved by his clients.

Looking deep into the character of this favorite of the Church, we see upon him marks set only on those souls chosen for direct service to God. Born into the nobility, St. Thomas had from his earliest years, what, in the eyes of the world, distinguishes a man and sets him in a class by himself. But he cared not for worldly goods. Living as he did in a time of

corruption and scandal, many feared and prophesied disasters for the spiritual life of this saintly boy. But no! A character such as his needed only these drawbacks to set him on a swifter pace to progress, to strengthen him, and to cause him to shrink with horror from the abominations around him and to fix the eyes of his youthful soul more firmly on the loveliness of the eternal hills.

As a boy Fr. Thomas displayed a twofold light—that of simple purity and of illimitable knowledge. Both went hand in hand with him until his dying moments; not even once did he depart from the rigid path that he had mapped out for himself when still a boy.

To our Saint was given the power to meet all the needs of his age, to correct the abuses, and to set before the whole world the shining example of light, which has held its place through so many generations. Against the false and degraded teaching in the schools of his time, St. Thomas opposed his own clear-minded and beautiful words, and though the world was slow to hear and listen, simply because it did not want to hear and listen, still no voice can smother the truth, no ear can be so deaf as not to hear it finally, and so the teachings of the learned doctor were spread broadcast. Not only in the schools did Thomas work havoc with corruption, but in politics as well, for his mind covered many things and was not confined to one field only.

Probably, the most marvellous thing about St. Thomas was his capacity for work. His written works fill up some twenty folios in their complete edition. This is very wonderful when we consider that most of his works were composed during the few leisure moments he could snatch from a busy day.

What still remains to be said of the writings and character of St. Thomas and of his love of the Dominican Order? Nothing but to sing the praise of his angelic modesty and purity of heart. It was to him that Christ said, "Thou has written well of Me, Thomas, what reward wilt thou have?" And the blessed disciple answered, "None other than Thee, dear Lord." To him, Holy Mother, the Church has given over all schools to his special protection, and to him is dedicated that prayer, the essence of simplicity and purity, the words dear to every school child's heart,

"O St. Thomas, angel of the schools, pray for us."

The following lines were composed by a member of the Aquinas Club and sung at the program given on his Feast day, March 7th.

Great St. Thomas, Angel of the Schools,
Thy heav'n sent lessons be our guiding rule,
Teach us the wisdom found at Jesus' blessed side
On life's long journey, great saint, be our guide.

Dear Saint, we come today to claim thy care and love,
To beg thy guidance to our home above,
Pray for us great Saint when dread dangers hover near,
Be thou our guiding star, Our Patron dear.

AQUINAS CLUB OFFICERS

(Of First and Second Semesters)

President - - - -	Gerald O'Brien - - -	Gordon Carlisle
Vice-President - -	Stewart Sharrow - -	Mae Phelan
Secretary - - - -	Dorothy Green - - -	Francis Neaton
Treasurer - - - -	Otto Ordowski - - -	Ruth Wittliff

Claire Rawley, '24

"We the members of St. Stephen's High School, desirous of gaining a knowledge of Parliamentary Law, and of promoting sociality and good fellowship with each other, do on this fourteenth day of September, in the year of Our Lord, 1923, hereby associate ourselves together under the title of the "Aquinas Club."

Such a society is the foundation of something bigger and better; the raising of the general standard of intelligence, health, and industry. It draws together, by intensifying social interest, the widely separated views of individuals whose initial efforts might otherwise be lost to a world badly in need of a vitalization of higher things. It is but proper that this renewal should begin among the keen, open minds of youth.

The talks of Father Murphy; Brother Patrick of Cleveland; J. W. Guinan, of Detroit; Mrs. A. H. Cote; and St. Stephen's own graduate, Judge P. H. Kane, have been a veritable inspiration to us with our meager experience of the world.

Dr. Gertrude O'Sullivan, and Dr. A. Attridge, seconded by Miss Florence Goodenough, of Port Huron Hospital, have urged the perfect health necessary for the correct function of intellectual organs. An unhealthy soul sees the light of God but dimly, if at all; and a sick body is like a dark curtain before the lamp of knowledge.

Mr. J. W. Guinan, already referred to, has shown one way of keeping healthy, which is both easy (for him), and pleasant; a sense of humor, (what is more invigorating?) easy pleasantry at our own mistakes and friendly raillery at those of others; and the true enjoyment of music and song.

Again we may point with pride to former students of St. Stephen's. Miss Celestine O'Rourke's delightful voice has greatly pleased music lovers;

while the Misses Marian Fitzgerald and Florence Smith have demonstrated for us the fine results of their years of study of piano and violin.

The vocal power of Mr. George MacComb, prominent musical instructor of the city, is an encouraging example to the young manhood of St. Stephen's Academy.

Having had before us such splendid men and women, many workers in our community, and some, we are happy to say, our own St. Stephenites, you who remain in school after we have taken our departure, cannot overlook the opportunity of keeping alive an association with such unlimited possibilities.

The Aquinas Club has exhibited the latent ability of many of the students and has opened new and novel books of learning. Never before have we been able to gather around us such varied sources of knowledge. The favorable effects of the club cannot be over estimated.

We feel sure that, even with all their combined talent and energy, the Academy students could never have achieved such results without the wonderful co-operation which so distinguishes everything they do.

Indeed each committee vied with one another in revealing surprises as the Friday afternoons followed each other in quick succession. Among the many chapters in our Year Book of Good Times the following deserve special mention.

On October 12, a Columbus Day program recalled the numerous deeds of valor, and the virtues of the "World Giver." The "Sophies" made their debut at this program by singing a stirring medley of National airs in which they glided amusingly from "My Country 'Tis of Thee' down to "Dixie Land," thence to "Yankee Doodle," and back to

"Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of Thee I Sing."

The Freshman Class delighted us with an "Hour With Joyce Kilmer," from which we gleaned many sweet messages, such as "Rouge Bouquet," "Trees," and "Thanksgiving," left to humanity by the Soldier Saint of the Rainbow Division.

The artistic temperament of the Academy found pleasure in Picture Studies, Hofmann's subjects, "The Rich Young Man" and "Christ in the Temple," were unfolded in pictorial and historical portrayal. Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and "Madonna of the Chair," Da Vinci's "Last Supper," and Rubens' "Pride of Flanders" also received their meed of praise from Aquinas' lovers of art.

February afforded ample opportunity for demonstration of the patriotic sentiment. There were friendly interviews with Washington, Lincoln, and others who laid down their lives to preserve their Country's unity when it was threatened by disunion.

Nor did we forget those men who now live among us as veterans of so great a struggle. Several times during the year members of the club entertained them at their open meetings at the Ladies' Library, or in their club rooms at the Armory.

Longfellow's birthday found us reciting the catchy lines of "Hiawatha" or wandering with sweet Evangeline in search of her lost lover, Gabriel.

"The Old Clock on the Stairs" in Craigie House seemed to speak as sweetly as ever of the flowing tide we call time, while the singing of the "Bridge" by the entire class carried us in spirit to the life and sentiments of the Children's Poet.

At the last October meeting Father Murphy, with ever ready generosity, took the place of the speaker of the day, Judge P. H. Kane, who was unable to be present, and gave for the Club a sacred concert consisting of a number of vocal and piano selections. Prolonged applause signified the enthusiasm of the listeners at the unexpected favor.

The Aquinas Club held its initial debate of the year in November. The question for discussion being, "Resolved, that capital punishment be abolished." Gerald O'Brien, Stewart Sharrow and William Simpson, representing the affirmative, won the debate. However, the negative debaters, Raymond Currie, Justin Brown and John Walton, were complimented by the judges for their creditable mode of defense.

The judges were: Very Rev. J. P. McManus, Rev. Fr. Murphy, Patrick H. Kane and Bert Wellman. Sister M. Columba, supervisor of the schools for the Sisters I. H. M., was also a guest of the club.

The Senior girls were appointed to take charge of the next debate.

Many were the tilts in the Junior English classes during the winter months, such as Immigration; Influence of women versus men in civilization; Newspaper, a great popular educator; Chemistry is most useful of modern sciences.

All are looking forward to the next jowl which will, we hope, settle the much discussed query: "The Morals of the Movies."

Because inspiration, and the building of character are the greatest of all school objectives, the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., broadcasted a National Education Week, during which time Teachers and Institutions of Learning were to intensify their efforts to inspire students with a deeper appreciation of education; and all the blessings that follow individuals and civitates who endeavor to utilize to the best of their ability the opportunities at hand.

Friday was named as High School day. Gerald O'Brien, president of the Aquinas Club opened the program with a talk on the subject of the day. "Remarks on Books and Education" were given by William Simpson; Stewart Sharrow discussed "Teachers and Books." A list of favorite books was read by John Walton; while Raymond Currie represented Education as "An Asset to Success." The program was interspersed with musical selections by members of the club.

And now the gong has sounded for the last time, and the Aquinas Club must relinquish its duties for this Scholastic year; but the Academy students will always look back with pleasure to the hours spent in assembly when we met and worked, and sang and laughed, together in the old Sanctum, the Senior room. Yes, for some of us these days are gone forever, but it is with just pride that we "24's" will look back and say that the Aquinas Club was formed at St. Stephen's while our class were doing "stunts" at the old Academy, and our earnest hope is that it may advance step by step 'til it stands supreme as the official organ of St. Stephen's Academy for the advancement of universal learning.

SENIOR LATIN CLASS

Marvin Westrick	Otto Ordowski	Justin Brown
Leota Bodley	Beata Bourke	Florence Gleason
Dorothy Green	William Simpson	Macrina Zimmer
John Walton	Claire Rawley	Hugh Clancy
Vincent Graziadei	Margaret Marx	

———S-S-A———

A PLEA FOR THE STUDY OF LATIN

Macrina Zimmer, '24

There is a marked tendency among average students of today to tread along the line of least resistance in the selecting of his High School Course. As a Professor of Harvard has aptly stated it "The Student body in general feels the lure of the easier manual subjects. In the perusal of a course involving such branches the student very often neglects or ignores entirely, those studies which serve as a foundation for the existence of the others.

To the individual Latin offers numerous advantages. It is of utmost importance to those who are preparing for a professional or literary career. Compounds of Latin words can be found in all languages but to a greater extent in our vernacular. Therefore, it will aid the student to understand many political, mechanical, physical and theological terms which must needs occur in the above mentioned careers. As a great thinker once stated, "The Latin student knows almost by instinct what a word means when it appears in another language." If Latin then is the "open sesame" to the comprehension of other branches of knowledge such as the sciences, history, or the languages, then why cast it away as useless or unpractical?

Let us then who have pursued this study and learned to love it do all in our power to increase the number who will eventually discover its wealth of hidden knowledge, and by means of it, be lead along the road that leads to culture, learning and refinement.

ORCHESTRA

Piano

Dorothy Green Jean Adamson

First Violins

James Bourbonnais Raymond Currie Joseph Letzgus
Gordon Carlisle Maxwell Bernard John McNamara
George Fountain Jack Nelson Delbert Molloy
Donald Bernard

Obbligato Violins

Claire Rawley Ethel Netter

Cello—Beata Burke Drums—Raymond Green
Cornet—Joseph Cox Bells—Margaret Jones

ORCHESTRA CLUB

President—Dorothy Green
Vice-President—Gordon Carlisle

———S.S.A———

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Claire Rawley, '24

The great number of musical associations reveal the fact that a better understanding of the art leads to more perfect expression and greater facility, these are indispensable factors to all who seriously study the art of which Moore has so aptly written:

"Music! O how faint, how weak
Language fails before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well!"

Throughout the history of mankind, from the very beginning to the

present day, music has played a most important part in the religious and social life of nations and peoples. Ancient mythology abounds with examples of its powers. We are told that the sweet tinkling strains of Apollo's lyre turned many a beast or dragon from paths of destruction. Even the very rocks and trees moved at the magic sound of Orpheus' voice. And Cicero in one of his memorable orations says, **"saxa et solitudines voci respondent, bestiae saepe immanes cantu flectuuntur atque consistunt."** (Rocks and deserts reply to the music's voice; savage beasts are moved and arrested by song.)

St. Stephen's School of Music has, in the past year, taken effective steps toward impressing its students with the educational, as well as entertaining, qualities of music. The appreciation of Music Club, and the St. Cecilia Club, have brightened musical interest in all the classes by the study of the work and technique of the best composers. One meeting especially enjoyed by all was the "Hour with MacDowell," from which we all gleaned many interesting items from the life and compositions of this much admired composer. "The Shadow Dance," "To a Wild Rose," and "The Water Lily," were exceptionally well rendered.

A distinguished honor came to St. Stephen's School of Music this year, through the State Musical Contest. Miss Mary Canham of the Eighth Grade was selected as the most eligible of all the music loving students of the city to represent them in the County contest, where she was presented with a Silver Medal in recognition of her superior ability. The State contest was then opened at Lansing and from here Mary carried away the first prize, a Gold Medal. The Academician extends congratulations.

The dates for the annual recitals have been announced for the first and second week in May, and, judging from the echoes and sweet strains wafted on the breezes from the studio, they will be as pleasing and encouraging as in former years.

———S-S-A———

ORCHESTRA ACTIVITIES

Among the many festivities in which the Orchestra participated we might mention the Sacred Concert conducted by a number of Detroit artists, the evening of December ninth. The first and final numbers, "Priest's March, from Athalia" and "Hosanna" were excellently played by the orchestra; the remainder of the program was given over to the visiting musicians.

The musical program including many National Airs and sweet Irish melodies presented by the school orchestra during the St. Patrick's day banquet received special recognition and praise. The following day the players assisted in the entertainment given annually by the school, in honor of Reverend Father McManus.

Despite the groans and sighs of the members, regular practice has been held Tuesday afternoons; which recalls four lines that are probably much quoted; and will be read with complete understanding by most of us:

"We have listened to scales and arpeggios,
And voices enjoying a test,
We have heard your high notes without number;
For pity's sake give us a rest!"

REV. SYLVESTER HEELY

Missionary

Laying Up Treasures

Probably no activity has aroused greater enthusiasm in the minds and hearts of the students at St. Stephen's, than has our missionary work under its varied aspects.

A keen realization of China with its myriads of soul-starved inhabitants came to our minds, when Rev. Father Healy visited our school last September "en route" to bring spiritual restoration and nourishment to our unfortunate brethren across the broad Pacific. Our Spiritual patriotism, once aroused, materialized in the form of daily prayers and acts of self-denial offered for success in his new field of labors. His letters bringing messages of immense good accomplished in this new apostolate have been perused by his rather remote but nevertheless active co-workers of St. Stephen's. Cancelled stamps and tin foil have been carefully preserved, and the mite-boxes generously kept replenished by sacrifice money, for the ransom and maintenance of the neglected pagan children.

The old adage states that "Charity begins at home." We followed the advice of the sage who formulated this bit of wisdom when we remembered the little ones at the Cripple Camp by a shower of Christmas goodies.

These activities have given us a glimpse of the vast panorama of labor past, present, and future, in the spacious—yes almost infinite vineyard of Christ. When we realize that the rays of the Sun of Justice must be made to shine upon this darkened and unapproached portion of God's creation, may we not hope and pray that some day St. Stephen's roster can proudly boast of some heroic graduate, who shall have sacrificed the ambitions of a worldly career to heed the divine command, "Go teach ye all nations"?

* * * * *

On Friday, April 25th, Charles Wyllie, '22 organized the Students' Mission Crusade among the Academy Students. In a carefully prepared talk Mr. Wyllie dwelt on the beauty of the work in the fields-afar and the consolation that must come to those who make the sacrifices to swell the ranks of Christ's followers. In conclusion he assured us that though we could not all preach the gospel to the pagans nevertheless we could help spread the faith by praying for the missionaries and helping them by our alms.

As a result of his peppy talk all desired to be enrolled in the Students' Mission Crusade and a large number became subscribers to the "Shield" the National Students' Newspaper. The following officers were elected for this local unit:

President—Margaret Warsalla.

Vice-President—Mary Popplewell.

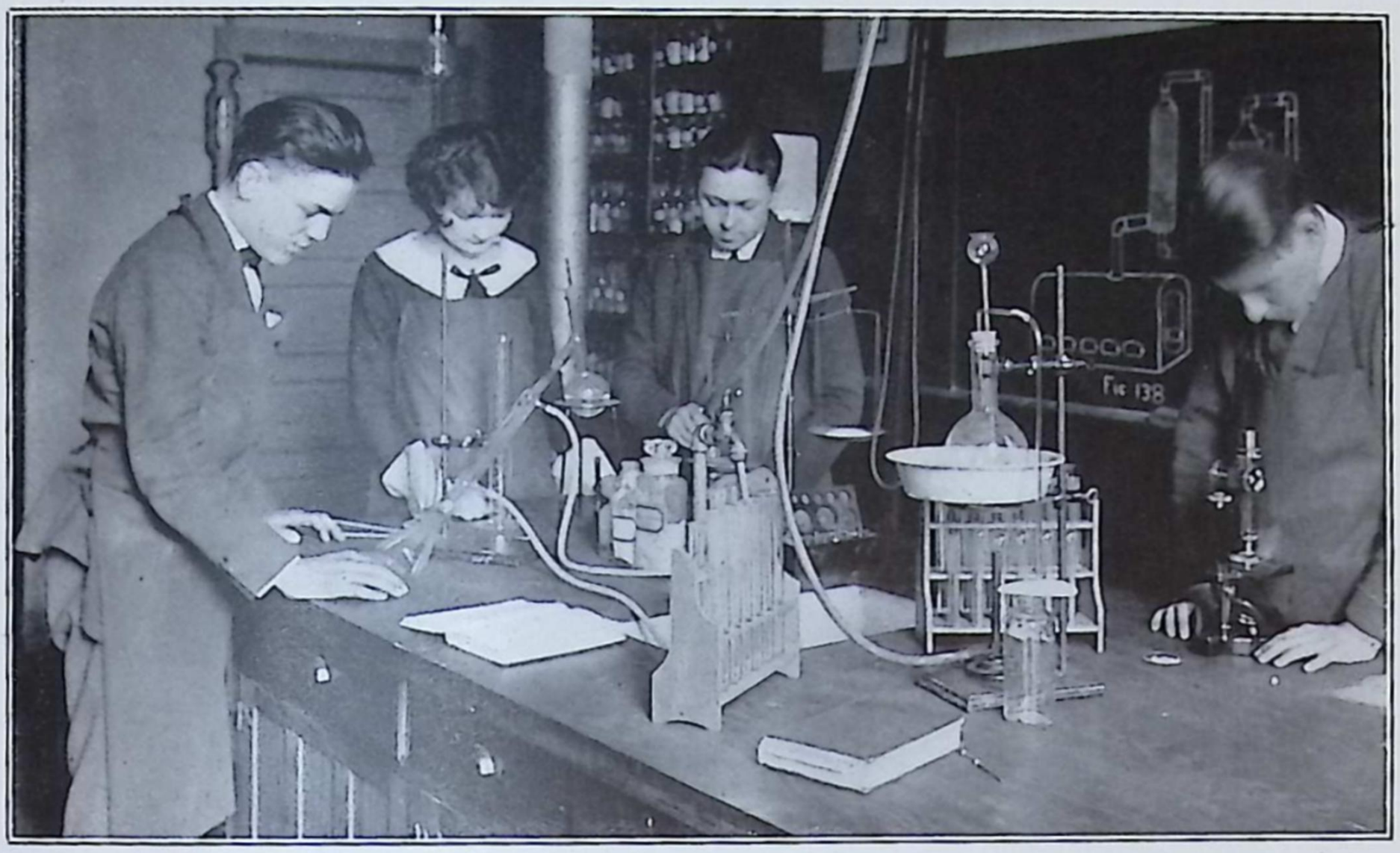
Secretary-Treasurer—Raymond Green.

CHOIR

Dorothy Green, Organist

Laura Carlisle
Leota Bodley
Marie Charron
Anne Samberg
Helen McCarthar
Catherine Kelly
Rosaria Benenati
Edna Waite
Margaret Barrett
Beatrice Laidlaw
Margaret McMonagle
Dorothy McMonagle
Marie Gleason
Dorothy Moss
Agnes McDonald
Gordon Carlisle
Jack Nelson
Jack Mallory
Jack O'Sullivan

Josephine Cox
Gladys Smith
Gertrude Kennedy
Kathleen O'Sullivan
Loretta Kenney
Arwed Cox
James Wood
Raymond Green
Bernard Brown
Harold Benenati
Sadie Anter
Frances Roy
Catherine Mosher
Jean Adamson
Florence Coyle
Ralph Bodley
Joseph Letzgus
Floyd Elliott
Leona Cote



OUR LABORATORY

Erwin Smith, '25

There's a spot in our old school
Where there's ne'er a bit of gloom
It's the Lab.

There's a certain kind of work
That the Juniors never shirk
It's the Lab.

There's a rule we never break
Never come a wee bit late
To the Lab.

There're real things that can be done
That the Junior Boys call fun
In the Lab.

There's an odor sometimes waved
From the gases that we've made
In the Lab.

There's a way to quench a fire
If you'll know, our Jim you'll hire
From the Lab.

There's a world of things to see
When alone we chance to be
In the Lab.

There's one room we show to you
When our school we take you through
It's the Lab.

IN THE LAB

Florence Gleason, '24

Who are those happy boys and girls
With eager, shining faces,
Manuals tucked beneath their arms,
Prepared to take their places
In the Lab?

Where is it that the time flies by
With ne'er a lone distraction,
And each one anxious to be taught,
Of acids and their action?
In the Lab.

When is it that we seem so bright
And in our lessons much more keen,
You'll easily guess, it's on the day,
The Chemistry class may all be seen
In the Lab.

Why do those faces which were once gay
Now seem to be so sad?
They are the Seniors, who'll ne'er forget
The interesting times they've had
In the Lab.

———S S A———

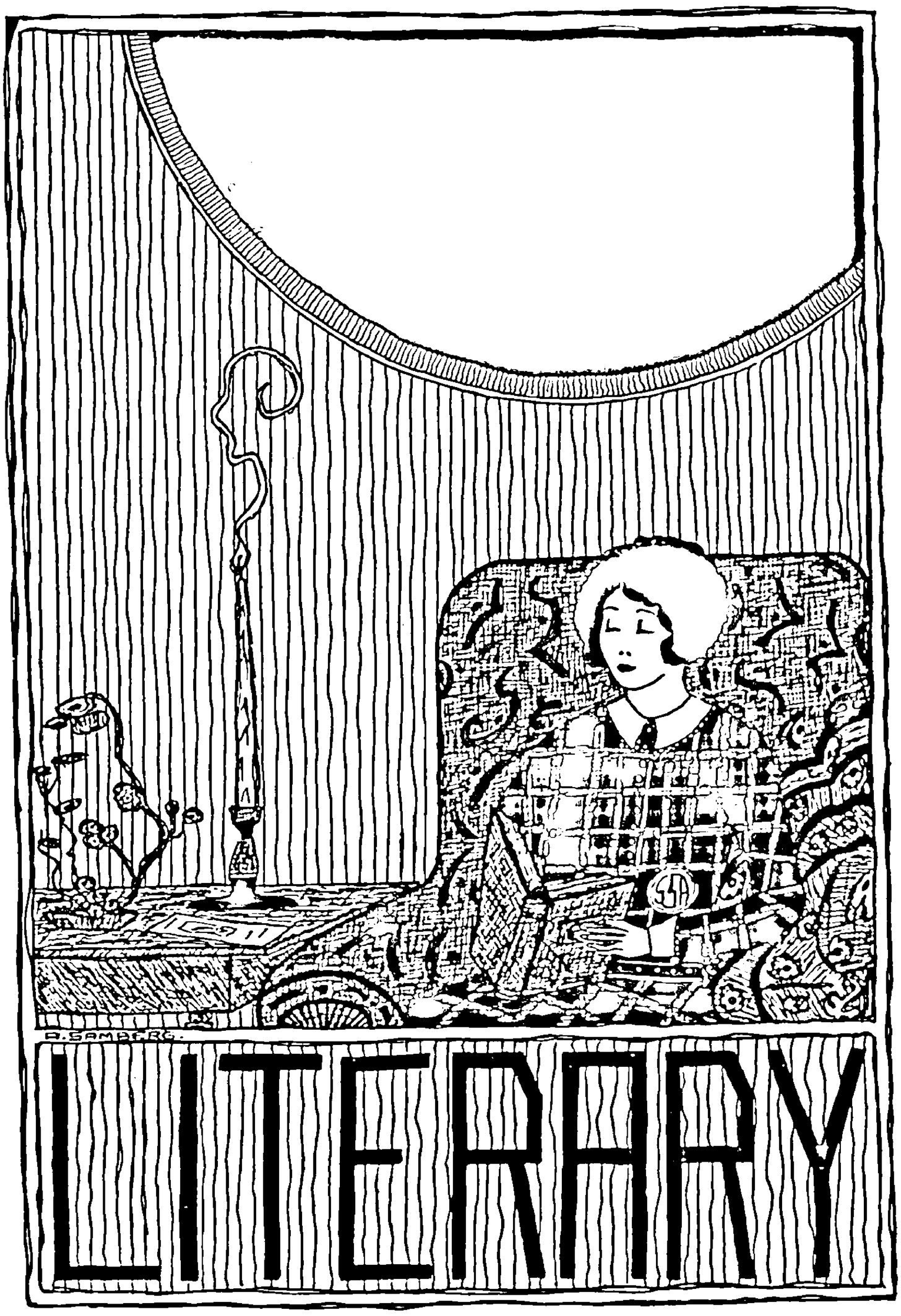
"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

Claire Rawley, '24

He got too near the chlorine in the Lab
He ain't goin' there any more.
We gave him ammonium and alcohol—
But, he ain't goin' there any more.

The poor fellow died and we all cried
'Cause he won't be here any more.
We took him through the old church door;
But he ain't goin' there any more.

He got a free ride to the grave
He ain't goin' there any more.
We tried the poor fellow's life to save;
But, he won't be here any more.


B. SAMARRO
LITERARY

What Catholics Have Given to Science

Hugh Clancy, '24

The charge has often been made that the Catholic Church and the Catholics themselves are opposed to the progress of science. But as a matter of fact, the Catholics have produced some of the greatest scientists (also leaders) that the world has ever known.

To the Catholics of France, the world owes much in the knowledge of science within the last century. To Madame Curie, a native of France, we owe through her experiments and discoveries, the knowledge of radium. To Louis Pasteur, the leading scientist of the nineteenth century, we owe numerous important discoveries in the science of medicine, all of which have proved invaluable to the physicians of the present day. The works of Pasteur are of universal interest. He discovered the germ "coccus," which causes fever, and a method by which harmful bacteria can be destroyed. Although unable to discover the cause of rabies, he succeeded in making a vaccinating virus, which protects human beings bitten by a rabid animal against the development of rabies.

And not to the past century alone have Catholics confined their endeavors in the world of science. In confutation of the charge that the church of the medievil age was inimical and even hostile to the development of physical science we may state that the very foundation of these sciences and the firm steps taken in their investigation were made by men who were numbered among her priests, abbotts, and bishops. In support of this statement we may mention here three of the greatest scientists who have ever lived. Roger Bacon, the noted English philosopher, Blessed Albert Magnus, the great Bavarian philosopher and schoolman, and last but not least, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Italian Scholastic Teacher, who justly deserves the title of "Angel of Schools." These are men who lived during the thirteenth century.

It is generally thought that Roger Bacon invented the spectacles. If so, the human race is certainly indebted to him. But if he did not, we are still able to find enough in his discoveries to interest us. He made an extensive study of explosives and foresaw that one of the greatest applications of explosives would be for transportations; and also foretold that instruments would be made such that the largest vessels, governed by a single man, would traverse rivers and seas more rapidly than if they were propelled by oars; and also that carriages would be made which without the aid of an animal or animals to propel it, would be able to run with remarkable swiftness. Here was a man in the thirteenth century saying that which did not become a reality until the nineteenth century (six hundred years later) when our first horseless carriage was made.

Albertus Magnus, treated practically every known department of science, which he enriched, not only by the collection of information already in existence, but also by his own observations and interpretations of the various phenomena. Experiment is the only safe guide on investigation, was his

belief. Albert Magnus was also a theologian and much of his time was devoted to the study of the sacred sciences.

St. Thomas Aquinas blazed the way for important discoveries by his experiments and observations. In the expression to the principle that "Nothing is ever annihilated," he included the law of conservation of matter and energy, which is learned by all students of science today. St. Thomas reflected credit on his teacher, Albert Magnus.

During the latter part of the sixteenth and the first of the seventeenth centuries the world was startled by the marvelous discoveries of Galileo. It was he who established the Copernican Theory, that the Planets move about the sun in elliptical orbits.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the study of biology was as yet in a state of embryonic development. Gregory Mendellan, Augustinian friar, discovered and formulated the primary laws of heredity of selection of genus, and of species which have served as a vast foundation work for later day deductions.

Stenson, renowned successively as scientist, priest, and bishop, was one of the first and deepest investigators into the construction of the human body. He is rightly styled the "Father of Geology" for his original discoveries opened the way to a fuller and more extensive development of that science.

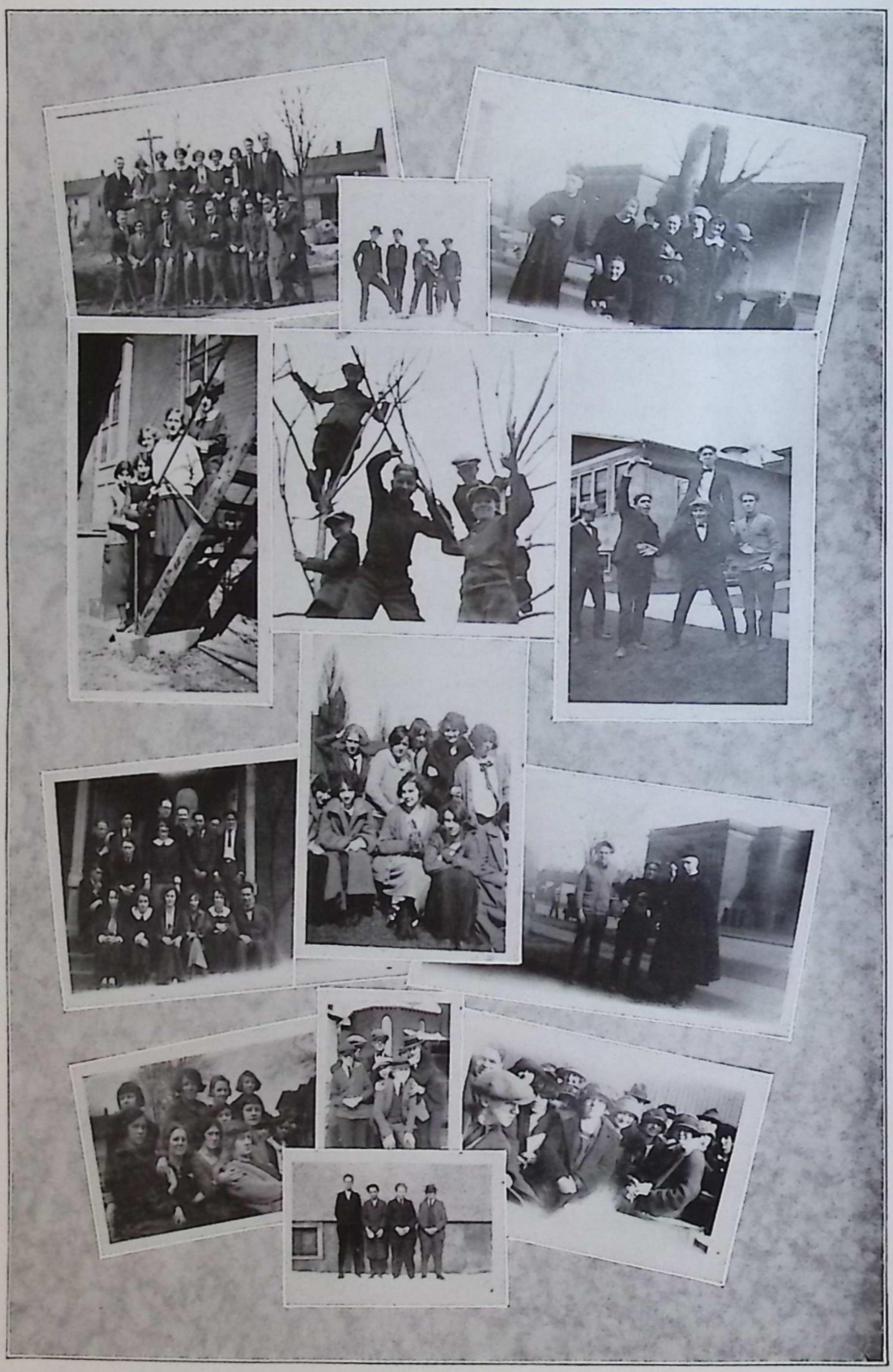
By the study of these great men we are able to see that the Catholics are not opposed to the progress of science, and that noble men following the guidance of the Church, have given invaluable contributions to science, while at the same time, they attained a high degree of sanctity.

———S S.A———

A FRESHMAN'S TROUBLES

Mary McCarthy, '27

A Freshman's troubles, so great and perplexing,
Are really and truly annoying and vexing;
With Algebra, Latin, English and History,
Together make it more of a mystery.
Early and late he studies his problems,
And Oh! the trouble it causes to solve them.
Anxiety? Yes, for promptness at class;
An extra effort for attendance at mass.
Then the daily routine of the school day:
Class succeeds class in distracting out-lay,
First comes Latin, with puzzling translations,
Voices and tenses of four conjugations.
Algebra brings fresh troubles to mind—
In English, we struggle the climax to find.
At the close of the day we are rather sedate,
For upon ancient kings and their wars we debate:
As the clock's happy face says our day's work is done;
We think of the morrow—we've only begun



Feast Song

A tribute of affection to our dear Father McManus from his children—March 19th, 1924.

(Believe Me)

Believe me, of all the glad months of the year,
Which pass on times swift fleeting way,
The month of St. Joseph is dear to our hearts
For it brings us our Father's Feast Day.
We, your children, rejoice,
As this happy time comes,
And fondly our love we would bring,
May God's blessing rest on you dear Father, today
Is the message your glad children sing.

It is not while Youth's happy days are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Then let each friend rejoice
As the years speed away,
And as truly love on to the close.
As the sunflower turns on the sun when he sets
The same look that she gave when he rose.

(Sweet Peggy)

When you first saw Port Huron,
A bright September day;
On Humbug's back you rode and sat
And sunshine lit your way.
That day your eyes were smiling
With a glad and cheerful grace,
No smile was there that could compare
With the one that lit your face.
While the good Humbug galloped on,
The people of all the town
Came forward to meet,
And with kind words to greet
As you rode in Port Huron town.

But Humbug's day is o'er now,
Bright years have passed away.
And "Robert" new has proved as true
Your faithful friend today.
And now when you go riding
In Robert, down the street
That same bright smile, stays all the while
For your children whom you meet.

As you sit in your Dodge sedan,
The children and all who can
With hearts beating high
As their father goes by,
Greet only as children can.

(Loch Lomond)

Oh! the years now have rolled
And the buildings grown old,
All will shoulder with earnest endeavor,
And the coming spring will bring
St. Stephen's second spring,
And the cherished hope will dawn at St. Stephen's.

CHORUS:

Oh! we'll build the new school,
And we'll show the town,
That there's ginger and pep at St. Stephen's,
With good Father Mc, his committee at the back,
How we'll build a grand new school at St. Stephen's.

———S-S-A———

THE ANGELUS

Francis P. Neaton, '26

The morning call from the belfry peals;
Its music floats away;
And the heart grows strong as the body kneels
For the blessing of the day.

In the busy hum of the noontide hour,
The deep reminder sounds;
And the true soul prays for awakened power,
Mid the danger that abounds.

In the calm repose of the vesper time,
When aching toil is o'er;
To the tired heart comes the peaceful chime,
And it praises God once more.

———S-S-A———

Mr. Meant-to has a comrade,
And his name is Didn't-Do;
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?

These fellows live together,
In the home of Never-Win—
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the ghosts of Migh-Have-Been.

Life's Ideals

Leota Bodley, '24

The world is so replete with beauty that we should open our eyes and take cognizance of it. Many times, however, the practical concerns of every day life often darken the brightness of happy surroundings. These concerns weigh so heavily and appear to be so important that the pleasant, refreshing things in earth's fair meadowland are forgotten. To keep the heart pure and happy in the midst of increasing cares; to abound in happy thoughts and deeds is the thing for which our teachers at dear old St. Stephen's have striven to impart to us.

The practical realities of life have much in them it is true; however, what would life be if this were all? Are not the dreamers, artists, and mystics the men whom the human race has most loved? It is they who recognize the beautiful in life and give it expression through the medium of religion and art. How thankful we should be that there are so many expressions of the beauties of life, so numerous in fact that when we seek them we have that feeling that in God's fair world there is an inexhaustible source of happiness and no one ever need feel friendless.

"The bee may teach thee an industrious care,
The worm in shell thy master thou must own,
With higher spirits wisdom thou dost share
But, Art, Oh Man! haste thou alone."

Art draws its inspirations from a world of ideals and clothes reality in its vesture of dreams. Artists are the friends of mankind, and have revealed in the poetry of word and painting, in chiselled stone and colored glass, a knowledge of the beautiful. They glorify the common-place in such a way that their subject-matter attracts the eye of young or old, rich or poor.

The spectator cannot help stand with awe in the presence of an artistic production. He sees in it many of his own experiences, some that are lacking in the essence of joy but now as he gazes on the artistic production the things that appeared hopeless are only some of the realities of life; moreover he sees them as they appear from the stroke of a master hand. Life to him now is different.

When Cimabue represented on canvas the Christ Child in the arms of the Madonna the enthusiastic admiration of the people of Florence was without bounds; they christened the street where the artist lived the "Quarter of Joy"—this was the birthday of Italian painting. In the Sistine Madonna we have Raphael's most lofty conception of the Mother most pure; while gazing upon it in its place in the Dresden Gallery one becomes oblivious to all his surroundings—the pure heart will be made more pure, the thoughtful more thoughtful for it is the impersonation of a conception almost divine.

"Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Poetry is another instrument of the idealist to convey to man the wondrous beauties

of the universe. He brings to the reader hidden things and makes accessible that which seems impossible. Poetry is the thing that has inspired men and hence has lifted them from the depths of remorse to the highest kind of joy. Poetry is one of the many ways of revealing the beauty of the infinite. Among the many others are music, sculpture, and architecture and they are only reflexes of the spiritual and inner life portrayed in outer manifestation.

If it were not for Christianity, man would not have his exalted ideals—enobling his heart, sanctifying his soul. Our own Catholic education has striven to present to each one of us the truest conception of the All Beautiful and has enabled us to grasp the beauty of art which is the winged messenger between the visible and the invisible world.

O'er the meadows green a little child,
Tripped with gladsome heart,
Culling daisies and buttercups,
Singing with gleeful art.

Wreathing her brow with the glory
Of blossoms fresh and fair,
While the merry passing zephyrs
Their fragrance sweet did share.

And the blue sky smiled, contented
With innocence and mirth,
Bright sunshine kissed with airy grace
This angel-child of earth.

Oh! let us tread life's pathway
With joyous steps and free,
The beauties that encompass us,
With glad hearts ever see.

———S-S-A———

THOUGHTS OF A FRESHMAN

Edna Franzel, '26

Just before examinations,
I am thinking, tests, of you,
All my dreams and expectations,
Have an outlook very blue.

———S S A———

OVERTIME

Gordon Carlisle, '25

I sat in my seat at three-thirty,
As the others were leaving the school;
I sat and wrote an essay,
Because I had broken the rule.

Father Murphy

Who is our High School's special pride,
Who tries all straying ones to guide,
And helps to put all sin aside
Father Murphy.

Who knows just what is for the best,
And quietly lays aside the rest,
And makes reforms with eager zest?
Father Murphy.

Who guards the doors with greatest care,
And lets no bad boys enter there,
To mar our High School's name so fair?
Father Murphy.

Who kindly tells of bad effects,
That come from smoking cigarettes,
And warns our boys of running debts?
Father Murphy.

Who marched our boys around the block—
Until we thought our feet would drop,
Who said "Our ranks must be on top"?
Father Murphy.

Who took our "Coxie" by the hand,
When he strove to dodge our merry band,
And Peter marched as had been planned?
Father Murphy.

Who took us through the town in line,
With each group keeping perfect time,
The townfolk said we sure looked fine,
Father Murphy.

Who fills the boys with mortal fear
Of hearing Mass back in the rear,
When there are ten seats right up here?
Father Murphy.

Who comes at half-past two or more,
Each Friday to our High School door,
With men who talk of wisdom's lore,
Father Murphy.

Then let our High School without fear,
So loudly too, that all may hear,
Send forth a long and ringing cheer for
Father Murphy.

And let us stand with heads bowed low,
While Academician praises blow,
That each and all his worth may know,
Father Murphy.

———S S A———

CHILDHOOD SCENES

Margaret Marx, '24

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our school life,
Where fond mem'ries linger all loathe to depart—
If still could be ours the happy days spent there,
The days which tho' gone are still dear to our heart—
And now a farewell, alma mater, we bid thee;
And classmates who brought us such happiness there,
And e'er in our fond hearts we'll cherish and love thee
With bright recollections and memories dear.

And when we have joined dear St. Stephen's alumni,
And from our dear classmates we're forced to depart—
Will you wish with a sigh that once more we were with you?
Will you miss us a little, way down in your heart?
But when there comes troubles and perplexing problems
And to solve them you seek 'round about for a friend,
Just call on the "year '24" class of Seniors
And there ready assistance be sure they will lend.

How sweet are the memories that linger forever,
Of the stately old church with its vine-covered walls—
And our Father McManus who's won our affection,
Here's a cheer from his children, it's echoed by all,
And now far removed from the loved habitation,
From the teachers to whom our life's training is due;
We'll turn to St. Stephen's in gratitude ever—
May God's choicest blessing rest always on you.

———S S A———

OFT TOLD TALE

Frances Krause, '26

A happy, white-winged angel
And shepherd stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth
For creatures to adore.
He bade the trembling shepherds
Listen, and not to be afraid;
He told them that in a manger
The Infant Child was laid.

School Life

Catherine D. Kelly, '25

School! What does this word mean to you? To many it means a place where the days of youth are spent and an easy and carefree life led. Webster in his dictionary defines it as "a place of discipline and instruction, a sect or compact body, wherein to instruct or tutor."

To people of more ambition than the first mentioned, school is a place wherein we are fitted and made ready for the perilous journey through life. We are strengthened so the knocks and blows of the world will not disable us or make us unfit for long service.

Our education should enable us to ride on through life, with flying colors and heads held high.

Often as we sit in school, it is well to call to our minds the little verse by John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Blind endeavor is not wise,
Wisdom enters through the eyes,
And the seer is the knower,
Is the doer and the sower."

How true are the poet's words and how helpful to us who spend our days at the school room desk. It will help us in the uplifting of our student government. Let us make this wisdom which enters through the eyes, the most elevating.

School life is to fit us for success. Not success "To win a little fame, to hear a fickle world applaud our name," but success used as a means to advance God's interests here and our eternal welfare hereafter. One does not wake up in the morning to find he has become a success over night! Step by step up the ladder of adversity and disappointments, from the smaller things of life to larger endeavors, is greatness achieved.

Every man's future is before him. What road to take? That is the question! On the road of life, first we meet a School House. Here within these protecting walls we prepare to purchase, as it were, our tickets out into the world. Some a one way passage, others a return trip.

By a return trip, one would join the ranks of teachers who labor always for humanity's sake, through their chosen profession. Whether in the world or "All for the Honor and Glory of God." Which will you purchase?

That is the important question but no matter where we go, north, south, east or west, what we have learned in school is always the helpful guiding star, and our Alma Mater stands ever in the background.

The first school founded was by Our Lord and his twelve Apostles. Though school life has changed considerably in the past centuries, still the principles of faith and good living will never be altered.

Student government and co-operation should be strictly adhered to by each student. Respect for authority is an unwritten law. And each and every one must be in unison with the faculty and their fellow students in order to make a success of school life.

A Lay of Ancient Rome

Vincent Graziadei, '24

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
His custom was you bettum,
To drive his hay-fed limousine
And smoke his cigarettum.
He wore a keen stiletto,
An open work cravatta,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
A muffler and hatta.

He bought food by the carload,
For eats he was a glutton,
And when his meal was finished
His coat held ne'er a button.
He loved his luscious hic-haec-hoc,
And often went on sprees,
Et veniens ad hic domus,
"Roll on, roll on, old sea."

He frequently was seen
At combat gladitorum,
And made those goo-goo oculos
At puellas in the forum.
He never worked or studied,
But bet on games and equi;
At times he won, at others tho'
He got it in the nequi.

Oh! the Roman fecit bellum,
His pugnas none could equal,
He often fecit impetum,
His fortes was the sequal.
He conquered all before him,
Diripiendi Eastern Art,
But when it came to writing lines
The conquered Greek gave him a start.

———S-S-A———

DID HE?

When translating conspiracies in 'Caesar," I'm tired;
I often wish to shirk,
And I often think Caesar, Roman Author, conspired,
Just so's to make us work.

Chemical Observations

George F. Fountain, '24

As the clock struck two-thirty on the afternoon of February 19th, the books in the Chemistry room were hurried into the desks, and the St. Stephen's Class of 1924 filed out into the open, burying the troublesome copper with all its oxides, sillicates, sulphides, and carbonates, in the silence of the closed texts.

What pleasant anticipations they entertained for the afternoon. They had been courteously invited to an observation tour of the Mueller Metal Works. Not many of them realized that they were leaving copper for copper. But of course, Mr. Levy proved much more interesting than the text book. The students handled the Lake copper 99% pure and the electrolytic 99.5% pure.

They enjoyed the interesting process of the roasting of copper, and zinc sulphides. This reduced the sulphides to oxides. Then one ton and a half of the roasted and scrap metal which included some coke, was deposited by workmen in a huge electric resistance furnace. After the reaction had been under way for a few minutes, one of the workmen opened the furnace door. They observed for a second, only, a brilliant white arc. The metals are liquified by this arc; which was produced by drawing apart two carbon terminals approximately six inches in diameter. When these electrodes were separated, carbon vapor was formed. This conducted the electricity over the gap between the carbons. The resistance was so great that a temperature of 2,700 degrees was obtained in the furnace. The heat given off was sufficient to melt the metals. A slag was formed on the surface of the molten brass. It was skimmed off before the brass was cast into molds. During the process a white vapor was seen issuing from the container. This was zinc oxide; it was produced by raising the temperature above the boiling point of zinc (918°C); which is very volatile.

Every fifty-five minutes the molten metal was poured into moulds that had been brushed and dressed with resin, or cotton seed oil to prevent adhesion. After the brass had been discharged from the furnace, it was poured into molds and covered with salt to prevent shrinking while cooling.

When the brass became cold the cast was removed and the large bars weighing several hundred pounds each, were cut into smaller pieces. The metallic composition was remelted in small furnaces and then inserted in ocean sand molds forming automobile carburetors and useful articles. After the metal had set, the molds were thrown into water to remove the sand.

The instructor conducted them to the laboratory where a series of tests followed. He took a small bar of brass (a sample from the furnace) and placed it under an electric drill. The first of the shavings were discarded on account of possible impurities. Then a small portion of the clean cut drillings were sent in an envelope to be weighed on a very delicate balance. One gram of this brass was then dissolved in nitric acid. The solution turned to

a pale blue color which was due to the presence of copper. Several steps followed in the testing of the proportions of the two metals that were contained in the solution. It proved to be of the desired quality.

The metal was then given a strength test by clamping a brass rod, nearly a half inch in diameter in the jaws of a machine, which registered the number of pounds exerted on the rod. The jaws separated very slowly stretching it five-eighths of an inch. The rod broke when the machine showed that 67,000 pounds per cubic inch had been exerted on it. The brass was also tested for its hardness by an instrument called the scylariscope. A small hammer was dropped only once on a piece of the alloy from the top of the apparatus. The height of the rebound determined the hardness of the metal.

Satisfied that copper with all its oxides, its sulphides, and its carbonates, is not so troublesome a subject, after all, the delighted students left Mr. Levy's laboratory well pleased with the afternoon's work and grateful to the Mueller Works and to Mr. Levy.

———S-S-A———

MORTONVILLE

Macrina Zimmer, '24

March was thoughtfully planning a snow-storm, and the sun was heroically sustaining the attack of its enemy the wind, on the day that the scientists of Academyville had selected for the study of Sodium Chloride from actual observation. But they heeded not the wind nor the snow, when with Father Murphy as leader, they traveled in the famous covered wagon towards Mortonville. Here they were met by Mr. Kern and Mr. Goldman who very courteously conducted them through the various processes of the Salt Industry.

Beginning with its very extraction from the earth through the deep salt wells, they were conducted up the wooden stairs to the steaming brine beds of green, and from thence to the evaporating vats where the hydraulic rakes were slowly conveying their burdens of the snowy product to the moving belt, whose duty is was to carry the massive whiteness to the centrifugal dryers.

It is needless to speak of the great pleasure of the St. Stephen's Chemistry class on the day of their visit to Mortonville. Courtesy has made the event a most enjoyable one. The old covered wagon as it conducted the travelers back to Academyville, enjoyed the happy accounts of its inmates.

———S-S-A———

GOLDEN MOMENTS

Monica Thwaites, '25

One more school day,
Start it with a smile,
Study and enjoy it,
Make it worth while.

Take it up earnestly,
Value it as gold,
Fit it for eternity,
Much merit will it hold.

Three Old Pals

Chas. Cogley, '26

Up in my study I ceased to care
As I leaned way back in my Morris chair;
And my three old pals were with me there:
Latin and Greek and French.
Latin lay with its old time mate
Cast way down in the rubbish crate.
As I looked at them there, it tickled me great
To see them in such a pinch.

So putting away each bit of gloom,
I cracked a smile in that little room;
"It seems to me that you've met your doom:
Latin and Greek and French;
So now you three get up, and away.
I've suffered enough of your spite. Hooray."
I slapped my thumb on the last school day
On the calendar on the bench.

"Now all three together quickly vacate;
You've tarried by me till you've filled me with hate;
And now I am piercing your bubble of fate,
Latin and Greek and French."
A swish on the marble, a big moonlight,
"I'll loose the gag you have lugged so tight.
Ha, Ha, the city is flickering bright,
No study tonight, it's a cinch."

So I threw them out and did it bold.
Yet oh, they paused at the oak threshold,
And muttered something that sounded old.
"This isn't the consequence;
It's an au revoir but, as sure as fate,
We're yours old chap, till you graduate;
Laugh on you kid, but you'll never defeat
Latin and Greek and French."

———S-S-A———

Few classes can boast of as many historical characters as the '24's. Below are listed a few:

King John, Baby Stuart, Lady Margaret, Duchess May, Silent Bill, Hugh Caput the short, George I., Justin the Law-giver, Otto the Great, Florence Nightingale, Marie Antoinette, Lady Clare, Queen Ann, Vincent of Valois, Babe Ruth.

The Belated Junior

Justin Brown, '24

It was a blatant Junior
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy drawn white face and wearied eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The schoolroom doors are opened wide
And I should be within.
The class is met, the time is set
When school hours should begin.

Doe holds Stew with his shiv-ring hand,
The Senior standeth still,
And listens like a three years child;
The Junior hath his will.

Then Stew sat down upon the steps
And Doe began his tale.
He told his troubles one and all;
His face grew deathly pale.

The Junior gulped his tale to tell:
My Chemistry is not learned,
The cover of my Algebra
In truth I have not turned.

My parlez-vous with its hundred rules,
Translation, reading, too;
My English making plans of tales
Indeed I cannot do.

Oh, everything is blue today,
The first day of the week;
And I am sure the faculty
Will 'deed be far from meek.

Then Stewart said, Come Doc, cheer up
And do not feel so blue,
You're not alone, there is not one
That studied more than you.

———S-S-A———

Three things to cherish—Virtue, Goodness, and Wisdom.
Three things to love—Courage, Gentleness, and Affection.
Three things to delight in—Beauty, Frankness, and Freedom.
Three things to cultivate—Good Books, Good Friends, and Good Humor.

Thompson's "Shelley"

Raymond Currie, '24

Thompson's greatest achievement as a prose writer is, the "Shelley." It is not only an apology for the wayward poet, but also a defence of song. He rides to the rescue of a younger brother, gorgeous in the armor of regal imagery. It is Shelley who keeps the trust by the eternal proxy of genius; Shelley the absurd, the spoiled poet, but after all, Shelley the boy.

Coming to Shelley's poetry, we peep over the wild mask of revolutionary metaphysics, and we see the winsome face of the child. Perhaps none of his poems are more purely and typicaily Shellian than "The Cloud," and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make believe. He is still at play, only that his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He stands in the lap of patient Nature and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look the nicest in his song. This is was which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley to be the poet of Prometheus Unbound, for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet.

He did not see nature in a picture set before him to copy, but as a palette set for his brush. Even in his descriptive passages the dream-character of the scenery is notorious. The one justification for classing Shelley with the Lake Poets is that he loved nature with a love even more passionate, though perhaps less profound. Wordsworth's Nightingale and Stockdove sums up the contrast between the two, as though it had been written for such a purpose. Shelley is the creature of ebullient heart, who

> "Sings as if the god of wine
> Had helped him to a Valentine."

Wordsworth's is the

> "Love with quiet blending,
> Slow to begin and never ending."

and with this we find the trail by which we would classify him. He belongs to a school of which not impossibly he may hardly have read a line—the Metaphysical School. That school was a certain kind of poetry trying for range. Shelley is the range found.

To Shelley's etheral vision the most rarified mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful corresponding forms on the sands of outward things. He stood at the very junction lines of the visible and invisible. Never had a poet in the past rivaled him as regards this gift, and hardly will any poet rival him in the future.

For astounding figurative opulence he yields only to Shakespeare and even to Shakespeare not in absolute fecundity but in range of images. The sources of his figurative wealth are specialized, while the sources of Shakespeare's are universal. It would have been as conscious an effort for him to

speak without figure as it is for most men to speak with figure. Suspended in the dripping well of his imagination the commonest object becomes encrusted with imagery. Herein again he deviates from the true Nature poet; the normal Wordsworth type of nature poet, imagery was to him not a mere means of expression, not even a mere means of adornment; it was a delight for its own sake.

"The Cloud"

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that wake
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

———S-S-A———

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WYLLIE SOPHOMORE

Charles McCafferty, '26

Who went each day, with me to school,
In weather warm, in weather cool?
Who with my Latin helped me through?
Who seemed a trusty friend and true?
And who one day kicked out behind,
And left me minus of my mind?

"My Pony."

Who found and jerked me to my feet,
Said awful words I won's repeat?
Who sent me home in shame,—disgrace,
With horror written on my face,
And threats that she would after school
Write home to pa? (I'd crushed a rule).

"My Teacher."

From "Home Sweet Home" who took me hence
And marched me to the backyard fence,
And in a way that made me dance,
Who laid leather on my—clothes?

"My Father."

And who, as meek as Mary's lamb,
And helpless as a baby clam,
Resolved at once to change his course,
And nevermore support a "horse?"

"Myself."

The Cabin Mystery

Frank P. Neaton, '26

There existed some time ago in an unfrequented part of the backwoods of New York a peculiar colony of people. Their state of existence was surrounded by endless forests and they seemed to live in a totally different and separate sphere from the rest of the world. It was one of those few places where the earth seems to forget to turn, where the wheel of progress forgets to revolve and where nature reigns free and supreme in all her primeval beauty. This colony was peculiar because of the manner in which it was governed. It depended for the upholding of its law, its investigations and peacemaking upon an eccentric old chap of about sixty years who answered to the name of Silas Thomas. Although Silas was modest and his aspirations did not extend beyond his own horizon, yet here he was absolute.
Aside from gaining an existence their daily life was not devoid of pleasure. On their return from every hunting trip in the wilderness, there was always a big "get together" carried on with no little amount of wildness, for nearly always there was a good supply of "aqua vitae" on tap, that never failed to create much merriment, a little excitement, and perhaps a row or two. Now, as it has been intimated that among those people the camel did not predominate, it is well to say that from this source Silas Thomas derived most of his work for a number of years, until suddenly a portion of more serious business came across his path, as will be related in the following anecdote.

It was the middle of the forenoon on one of those golden days in July, in which the sun transforms the forest into a magnificent panorama of melancholy splendor, that as Silas was enjoying a siesta in the shade of a tree, a man rode up on horseback and requested his attention. The rider was brief in his words and his message was summed up by Silas as thus: a man, John Marley, who lived about thirty miles distant had been ordered by a letter placed on his doorstep to put a large sum of money in a certain place on a specified date or to take the consequences. The specified time was the following day and hence came the request to Silas for protection. This interested him for this semi-blackhand game had been carried on for quite a while among the defenceless settlers of the backwoods by a licentious profligate who traveled under the appellation of Sam McKee. And hence to quote Silas "it would be pretty ticklish business."

The next morning bright and early, astride his favorite steed Silas set out for the habitation of John Marley. He traveled all morning under the glaring rays of a sultry sun, and after a somewhat tedious journey arrived at his destination. The abode of Marley was a quaint old pile, constructed of logs and having all the characteristics of a house of the forest. It had three doors on one side and one at each end. Silas tried the center door. The latch resisted his efforts so he proceeded to the rear door and knocked. After a slight pause a voice from within bade him enter. Here he was met by a man, who although lacking a little in the description given by the messenger seemed to be entirely the master of the place.

"Hello, stranger" said Silas, "I take it your name is John Marley. "Why, yes" said the man after a moment's pause, "Yes, John Marley is my name."

Silas took the initiative. "I got your message about this Sam McKee, so I thought I'd come over and see about it. He ain't been around yet, has he?"

"No, oh no, he ain't been here yet, but I am expecting him right along."

"I guess he's a pretty tough customer," resumed Silas.

"Yes," said the other, "I guess he is doing quite a stroke of business, and when I found that letter on my door step askin' me to hand over my coin I got pretty well scared, so I sent for you to come down and help me out. I think I'll pull out of this country when I get a chance, though I'd hate to try the woods alone right now."

"Well," said Silas looking around a little "I'd like to have something to eat, I came quite a ways you know; and right now I'm pretty hungry. You ain't got any vittles in the house have you."

"Certainly," he replied, and thereupon went into the kitchen which was separated from the main room by a partition of skins. After a few minutes of bustling and preparation, he reappeared with a plate bearing a quantity of Chicago chicken, sometimes known as pork. Silas appeared to relish this impromptu meal, and he and his host entered into a conversation, which was rather abruptly interrupted by the host's rising to eject from the house a large hound which kept sniffing around the skins hung along one side of the wall. Silas noted with interest that the hound was rather ungently ushered to the center door, which gave no response to Marley's kick. Embarrassed Marley dragged the hound through the kitchen to the back entrance.

Silas, left alone, began to examine his surroundings. He strode over to an excellent deer head which had been mounted above the clothes rack. From there his gaze fell upon an unusually long bearskin hanging from one of the spikes in the wall. This he fingered a bit and turned cautiously to view the inside. When Marley returned Silas was unconsciously gazing out of the window, apparently viewing the beautiful scenery of the countryside as it revelled in its midsummer glory.

"Well, Mr. Marley," said Silas, resuming the conversation "maybe you had better come up to the settlement with me. You'd be safe there anyway."

This speech produced quite an effect on Marley and he at once fell into deep thought. In a few minutes he looked up.

"I've been thinking maybe you're right. If I stay here I'd be as likely as not to be picked off by this McKee. I guess I will go down your way."

They began immediately to make preparations for the homeward journey, and in a short time were on the road, arriving at the settlement early in the evening.

Here Silas stopped and wondered. "Say," he said turning to Marley, "I don't know how we're going to arrange for your lodging tonight. There's only one place I can think of, the old calaboose, and there's two prisoners in there now. But if you don't mind staying just for tonight, I could fix a place for you."

"Sure," replied Marley, any old place will do, I think I'll move on to the city in the morning."

Silas immediately began to arrange an old cell into a room that would be habitable for a night's sleep, and then escorted Marley to his resting place.

"I don't think we'll need to lock the door," said Silas, "everything looks quiet tonight."

"No," returned Marley. "No need of looking for a key, I can sleep all right."

"Just as you say," said Silas, but turning he drew a key from his pocket and locked the door.

"Say, old fellow," said the man from within, aroused by this sudden and contradictory action "What do you mean? What's your idea of locking me in anyway?"

"Because," returned the "old fellow" calmly, "because you are Sam McKee."

Silas' first suspicions were awakened when Marley gave evidence that he was not well enough acquainted in his own cabin to know which doors were nailed. "But that was not all," said Silas the next day when he was recounting the event to some of the men, "I thought that long bearskin was hiding some beaver, and it being out of season I decided to collect a little fine. So when left alone, I pulled aside the skin and discovered, hanging by his collar from a spike and knifed a little above the heart—the man who answered the original description of John Marley."

———S-S-A———

OUR NEW SCHOOL

Catherine Kelly, '25

Our new school will be constructed
On the lot across the street,
It will lodge St. Stephen's pupils,
And all present needs will meet.

True, our present stucco High School
We proclaim both neat and trim;
But as pupils still keep coming
We no more can now take in.

First, the corner lot was purchased,
Then the clearing was begun,
Now the plans have just been draw-n,
Soon the building will be done.

Our High School will soon be finished,
If the start has no delay,
And the Class of '25
There may hold Commencement Day.

Kindness, and Its Reward

Mary Kearns, '27

"Say, Jack, that wheel is a beauty"; said Bob Grant to his friend, who had just received a new wheel as a gift from his father.

All the group echoed Bob's sentiments. They always did, for Bob was a boy whose opinion was highly respected. He was a leader among his companions no matter what might be the circumstances. I did not state that Bob was universally popular, for the simple reason, that there were two boys, who failed to see in Bob Grant the sterling qualities, which won for him, such favor in the community in which he lived; these boys were Henry Lincoln and William Bender.

These latter were sons of wealthy business men of the city while Bob was the son of a poor grocer.

The former thought that the distinction in wealth, should enter into their daily intercourse with their companions, but to the boys the only wealth that counts, is the wealth of character.

So on this particular noon, when Bob asked permission to ride around the block on this cherished present it was gladly given.

Henry, who for some time past had been waiting for an opportunity of doing our hero some evil turn, took out his watch and saw to his satisfaction, that the last bell would ring before Bob had completed his ride, nevertheless he said nothing. True to his prophecy, Bob did not return until his class had assembled. On his way to his place Bob whispered to Jack: "I stood the wheel in the stand, it rides well."

In the meantime, Henry all unobserved had left the room on pretense of sharpening his pencil.

At night there was great excitement; Jack's wheel could not be found.

The grounds were searched but without success; the missing wheel did not show up. "Where in the world is my wheel, Bob," questioned Jack. "You know you were the last one that had it." "I have no more idea where it is than you have, I put it in the stand as I told you; it was safe then, and now it's gone," he replied. "My goodness, it didn't get up and walk away, did it?" mocked Henry.

"Well, I put it in the stand, anyway," said Bob, completely ignoring Henry's remark. He knew he would be blamed for its loss, as he was the last one seen having it, and he knew his father was in no position to pay for a new one. "Well, Bob, this is Thursday and if you haven't it by Saturday, then you will have to buy me a new one, that's all."

Bob felt very bad. Jack had always been his best chum, and now to think that he acted like that. "It must have been someone who tried to get me in wrong and knew I would be blamed," he mused, then Henry came to his mind, "No, he couldn't have done it because he didn't leave the room."

Little did Bob think that the very one whom he thought wouldn't do such a thing was the very one who did it. Henry was soliloquizing to himself: "Nobody will think to question me, for no one saw me leave the room." But alas! all unknown to him he was followed by Bruce, Jack's ever faithful dog.

The next day Bob felt desolate, while Henry inwardly rejoiced that at last something had happened which he felt certain would greatly lessen Bob's popularity.

That night a peculiar thing happened. Bruce approached him in a manner that Jack knew the animal wished to be followed. Henry, little expecting what was in store, joined the boys on their tour. The dog led them down an alley and up to an old barn. When Henry saw the place he turned to go back, "Come on, Henry," they all cried, so he had to go. Jack had some keys and he fitted the lock and opened the door; there on the floor lay the lost wheel. Surprised "Ohs" from the boys.

"Why, who brought this here?" asked Jack, as he glanced around the boys. A dull flush spread over Henry's face when he felt Jack's scrutinizing eyes upon him, the dog walked over to Henry and started growling, "Henry, did you do this?" quizzed Jack, surprised. "Yes, I—I did," said Henry hesitatingly. "I took it because I wanted to get even with Bob, he was so popular and I was so—well, nobody ever came around me, and before Bob came I was just as popular as he was," and having made this confession, walked away with William. "And to think everybody blamed you, Bob," said Jack. "I might have known that such a thought would never have entered your head. I am sorry I ever blamed you," he apologized. But Bob did not forget Henry. As soon as he was free he approached his enemy with the comforting words. "Don't worry about it, old pal, it's all over anyway," but Henry walked away. It was a week later and Bob was coming through the woods so as to reach his home earlier, when he heard voices raised as though in anger, looking he saw Henry and William. When William observed how Bob acted on the day of distress, he had become his friend, and now this divided opinion of friendship had caused angry words. William, when he saw Bob, came over to talk, while Henry turned toward the rails. A double track ran through the woods, a space of twenty feet was between the two, as one track ran over a trestle. Henry came back to Bob and said: "Say, Bob, will you walk those rails? I'll dare you to." "No, I won't walk them, they are not safe," replied Bob, "Dad forbid me to do so," he continued. "All right, coward, I'll walk them myself then," said Henry and started to do it. "You will regret it," warned Bob, and this continually rang in his ears as he walked the track. He wished Bob would call him back, but Bob stood silently by to see what would happen. Henry slowly set out on his dangerous walk, cautiously stepping, he attempted to turn but lost his balance and fell headlong to the rails below. Both boys gazed in astonishment at Henry lying with his head and arms flung over the rails, the blood was coming out of an ugly gash on his forehead which was caused by striking the rails with force as he fell. Henry was unconscious as the boys were planning silently what steps to take in rescuing their friend and enemy, they both heard a famil-far whistle. It was the Milton express just racing past Milton depot and was

due to pass over the rails below in five minutes. They stood riveted to the spot. Bob recovered instantly and seized a rope from his delivering basket, with feverish fingers he tied the rope directly over Henry's head and slowly started his descent, risking his life to save that of his enemy. As he descended he saw in the distance the smoke of the approaching train.

At last he reached the end, with the space of ten feet to drop, he let go just as the train shot into view. Striking the ground he landed a few feet from Henry. Before a moment had elapsed, he seized Henry from the clutches of death, and then fell back unconscious as the train thundered by.

When Bob awoke, he was lying in a strange room. Looking around he saw Henry in the next bed all bandaged and propped up with pillows. "Oh, Bob!" came the greeting, "to think that you, above all people should try to save me, I who have been so mean to you, how can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, I didn't do anything. If you really want to thank me, you can by being my friend. I have tried so many ways to win your friendship, and have at last succeeded in winning it," replied Bob merrily.

Both boys had a rapid convalescence. During this time, Mr. Lincoln, who realized the heroic deed which Bob had done felt unable to repay him. Far more welcome to Bob than all the material gifts which could be offered to him was the thought that at last he had gained Henry's friendship. In later years when Mr. Lincoln sent the two boys to college, the warm friendship which existed between the two won for them the Grecian title symbolical of friendship, "Damon and Pythias."

———S-S-A———

OUR TEAM

Wiley is a great first baseman,
Hank makes a good shortstop,
Albert drives home runs,
Thomas is running for pitcher,

Arwed is a famous center fielder.
Raymond Green is an all star catcher.
Easton a fast second baseman,

Y is for "Yank 'em out Rickker, who plays third base,
O is for his brother who is a right fielder.
U contribute what you please.

———S-S-A———

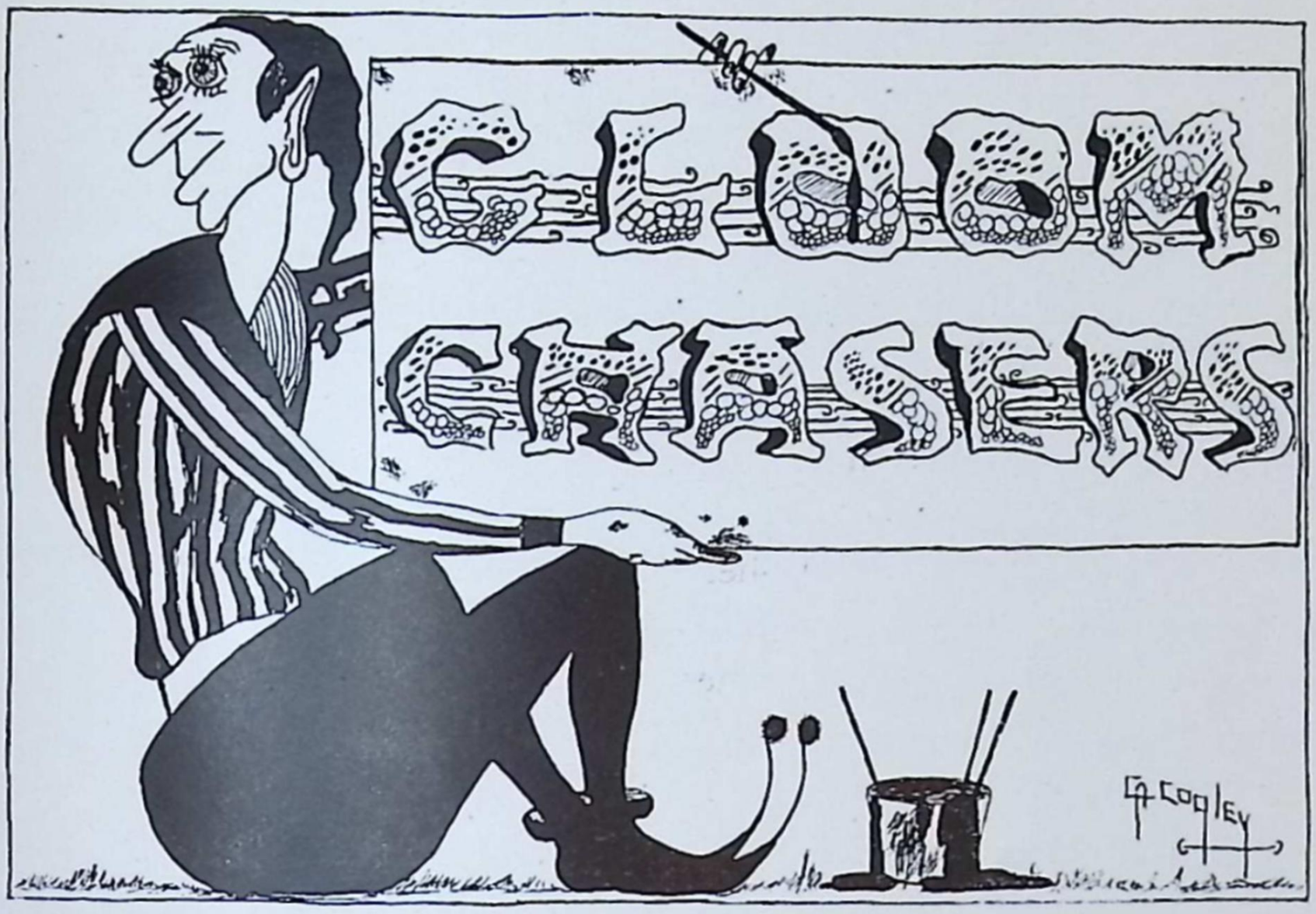
GOOD WORK

They sat on the porch after midnight
And their lips were tightly pressed;
The old man gave the signal—
And the bull-dog did the rest.

———S-S-A———

Suggestion

If you lose your shoes blow your shoe horn.



The joke editor may work until
His hands and brains are sore;
But some poor duffer's sure to say,
"Gee, I've heard that one before."

———S-S-A———

"This is going to be the shock of my life," said the prisoner as he took his seat in the electric chair."

———S-S-A———

Two small girls were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last one of them said, eagerly: "I know, let's see who can make the funniest face." "Aw, go on," said the other to Maye, "look what a start you've got."

———S-S-A———

A sign on a barrel of sugar in front of a grocery store read: "Sugar, ten cents per lb."

A prankish schoolboy added: "If you don't like it you can lump it."

———S-S-A———

Laura: "It says here that man descended from the fish."

Mae: "Then a shark most certainly figured somewhere in the ancestry of that corner grocer."

———S-S-A———

Father: "That young man of yours should be in a museum for living curiosities."

Beata: "Why, father, what do you mean?"

Father: "I noticed as I passed through the hall last night that he had two heads upon his shoulders."

———S-S-A———

Gerry O'Brien at a meeting of the Academician staff: "Say, has anyone a baby picture at home?"

Bill Simpson: "No, but I'm going to have mine taken tomorrow."

BRIGHT LIGHTS TEN YEARS HENCE

Mae and Ruth, '24

James Bourbonnais, the great pugilist, lost his first fight with Jack Dempsey.

Margaret McMonagle, a second Pavlowa, will appear in a new adaptation of toe dance, by pivoting on her fingers.

Catherine O'Connor, famous flap-jack flapper, has flapped her way into vaudeville.

Gordon Carlisle, manicurist of great fame, enters the horseshoeing business.

Edwidge Bleau, Jewish scientist, is teaching French to the Chinese in New Zealand.

Mary Popplewell, one of the four hundred because of her invention of the "Poppemwell corn popper."

Erwin Smith, the celebrated Sherlock, has solved the Eighteenth Amendment.

Catherine Kelly, recently crowned queen of the Cannibal Islands.

Ethel Netter, abroad attending the Council of Trent.

Jack Mallory, author and resident of North Pole, publishes: "How to keep warm at the Equator."

Beulah Cunningham, the renowned debater, has challenged Maggie Jiggs in an elocution contest.

Edna Waite, chiropidist in Africa, finds the elephant's tusk very elastic.

Jack O'Sullivan, understudy to Jackie Coogan, will appear in: "Come let's all play marbles."

Marie Gleason has become the inventress of soundless alarm clocks.

Dorothy McMonagle, school teacher at Goodells, has no silence rules.

Morgan Doe, doctor and fire-chief, begins his campaign for mayor of Capac, the metropolis of Michigan.

Rose Kern, inventress of new form of chewing gum that prohibits the waste of gastric juice.

Jack McNamara, living a life of ease after the discovery of a radium well.

Rosaria Benenati, famed aviatrix, has returned from a journey to the moon and states that the price of hair-cuts is terrific.

David Easton is training fish to leap Niagara Falls without injury.

Hazel Hebard, in Mexico, quelling the Revolutionists.

Agnes McDonald, heiress, recently opened institude for knock-kneed pigeons.

Louis Beznah is selling Independence to the Negroes, one-half pound lots only.

Helen McCarthar, poetess, author of "How to keep fat though thin," in rhyme.

Jack Nelson, missionary in the Vatican.

Kathleen Kelly, owner of a taxi service running between Port Huron and Sarnia.

Monica Thwaits, prima donna, is competing with Alma Gluck, at Pine Grove Park.

Max Bernard, professor of music, is teaching the Hawaiians how to play the ukelele.

Dorothy Moss, head nurse at Ford hospital, recently opened the ward for stray cats.

Beatrice Laidlaw, researcher and sculptress, discovers teapot used under the Teapot Dome.

Frank Rickker, leading dentist at the painful tooth jerkers institute.

Margaret Thwaits, shelling sharks in the peanut groves of Marysville.

Margaret Barrett gives swimming lessons to the Eskimos.

———S-S-A———

Helen: "That's Mrs. Grabbit, she's a great war worker."

Charles: "Indeed."

Helen: "Yes, she married four of her daughters to soldiers."

———S-S-A———

"I've been laying for somebody," said the hen as it strutted about the yard.

———S-S-A———

Conductor: "Your fare, Miss."

Claire: "Really, do you think so?"

———S-S-A———

Urban: "Let's see, how does the proverb run: 'When poverty comes in at the door?' "

Jim: "The installment piano goes out of the window."

———S-S-A———

Teacher: "James, what are the two genders?"

James: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

———S-S-A———

The Butchers' Ball was a howling success and a fat time was had by all.

———S-S-A———

Ray: "Excuse me; can I speak to your typist a moment?"

Boss: "You cannot. She is engaged."

Ray: "That's all right. I'm the fellow she's engaged to."

Two of the bill-boards that add to the peculiar charm of our city are one placed by Mitchell the Tailor and another beside it by the Aikman Bakery Co. They read thus: "Mitchell the Tailor, Uneeda Biscuit."

———S-S-A———

Jack O'Sullivan: "Why does Beata always smile at me?"
Gordon: "Maybe she is too polite to laugh."

———S-S-A———

Teacher: "What was the first nitride?"
Marvin: "Paul Revere's."

———S-S-A———

Claire: "What do we have in history?"
Macrina: "War, as usual."

———S-S-A———

RADIO

I called my love by radio,
In hopes that she would hear;
I asked her if she'd marry me,
And closed it "Billy Dear."
Oh, sad is my predicament,
Indeed a sorry mess,
When I tuned in my receivers
I heard forty answers, "YES."

———S-S-A———

I know a gentle farmer,
Who is so lazy that—
In seven years of farming
He only raised his hat.

———S-S-A———

Perhaps some jokes are very old,
And should be on the shelf,
But if you want some better ones
Make up a few yourself.

———S-S-A———

It was in the churchyard. The morning sun shone brightly and the dew was still on the grass.

"Ah, this is the weather that makes things spring up," remarked Bill casually to a mournful looking young man seated on a bench.

"Hush," replied the gentleman, "I've got three wives buried here."

———S-S-A———

At a lecture the speaker orated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him, nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver," shouted a voice from the audience.

———S-S-A———

Teacher: "If your father heard your stupid answers it would make him turn in his grave."

Boy: It couldn't. He was cremated."

EGOTISM

O, why do all the girls love me,
O, why do they always crave
To ride with me in my little Ford,
Why can't they behave?

Perhaps it's because of my good looks,
Or because I have money, too:
But maybe 'cause of my little old Ford,
Since there's only room for two.

———S-S-A———

Soph: What are you going to give your sweetheart on her birthday this year?"

Freshie: "I don't know. I gave her measles last year."

———S-S-A———

Justin: "Is Ray fast?"

Bill: "He's so fast he can drink water from a sieve."

———S-S-A———

Ruth: "How do you know Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

Otto: "Just look at the spelling."

———S-S-A———

A mute walked into a blacksmith shop and picked up a wheel and spoke.

———S-S-A———

Mae: "Those two have a circus."

Anne: "What two?"

Mae: "Barnum and Bailey."

———S-S-A———

Teacher: "What caused the flood?"

Stew: "The Rain of Terror."

———S-S-A———

SUGGESTIONS IN A PORT HURON RESTAURANT

Don't make fun of our coffee. You may be old and weak some day yourself.

The silverware is not like doctor's medicine—to be taken after each meal.

———S-S-A———

Instructor (in music): "Will somebody arise and throw up a window?"

———S-S-A———

Flo: "Where did you steal that rug?"

Bill S.: "I didn't steal it. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it."

———S-S-A———

Girls' faults are many,
Boys have only two:
Everything they say
And everything they do.

———S-S-A———

On board a train, an Irishman had for some time been watching a woman who was trying to get her baby to sleep, but to no avail. Finally the Irishman went over to the lady and remarked: "Madam, you will please pardon me, but I believe it is board the baby wants and not lodging."

Pat lived in America some time and had a very nice home when Mike came over to see him. After Mike had been a few hours in the house, he began to feel quite warm. He took off his coat, but still he was uncomfortable, so he said to Pat, "What makes your house so warm?" "Why Mike," Pat answered, "I have red peppers planted in my cellar."

———S-S-A———

A negro in one of the Southern states was arrested for speeding.
"How fast were you going, Rastus," inquired the judge.
"Tol'able fast," said Rastus.
"Thirty miles?"
"Yas-sah, I was goin' moh dan dat, I was goin' moh dan fohty, Ah was goin' all of seventy, judge."
"What kind of a car have you?"
"A Ford."
"Preposterous," said the judge. "You couldn't go seventy miles in a Ford. That's impossible."
"Oh, no, sah, 'tain't impossible at all. I always makes mah seventy. Dis is a special kind of Ford, judge. It's got a Ford body and Pierce-Arrow glands."

———S-S-A———

Oily to bed
And oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man
When a motor he buys.

———S-S-A———

THE PERFECT MAN

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor chews, nor smokes, nor swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralyzed.

———S-S-A———

Hugh: "What is the name of that handsome prisoner?"
Warden: "Number 2206."
Hugh: "How funny. But of course that is not his real name."
Warden: "Oh, no, that's just his pen name."

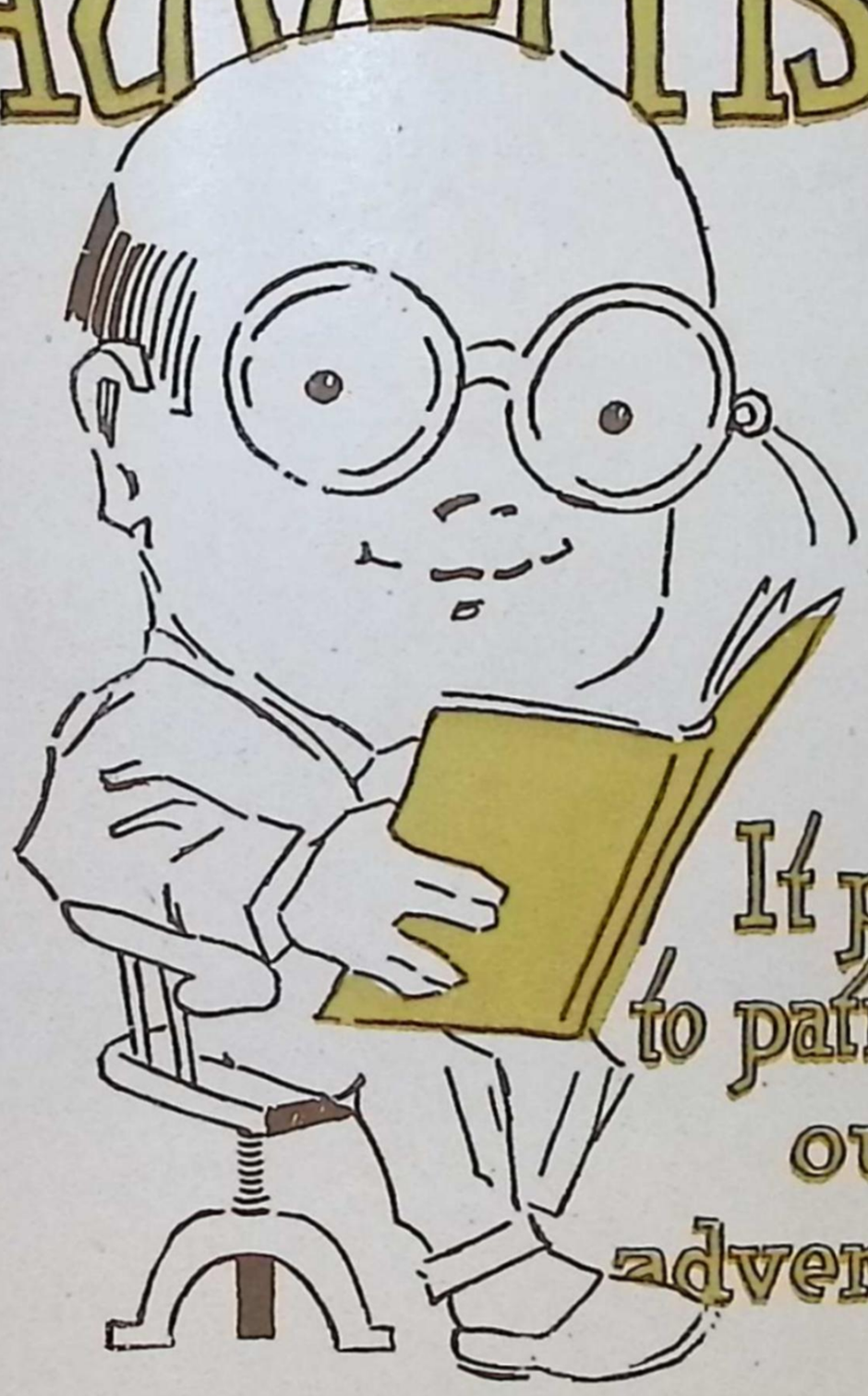
———S-S-A———

The teacher was discouraged over a dunce in the class. At last in order to see what the boy would do she said: "Here is twopence; go and ask Dr. ——— to give you twopence worth of brains."
The boy coming back with a dull, disappointed look said to the teacher: "The doctor wouldn't give me any brains. Will I go back and say they are for you?"

———S-S-A———

A teacher had been explaining to her class the characteristics of the rhinoceros family.
"Now, name some things," she said, "that are dangerous to get near to and have horns."
"Motor cars," promptly replied George.

Advertising



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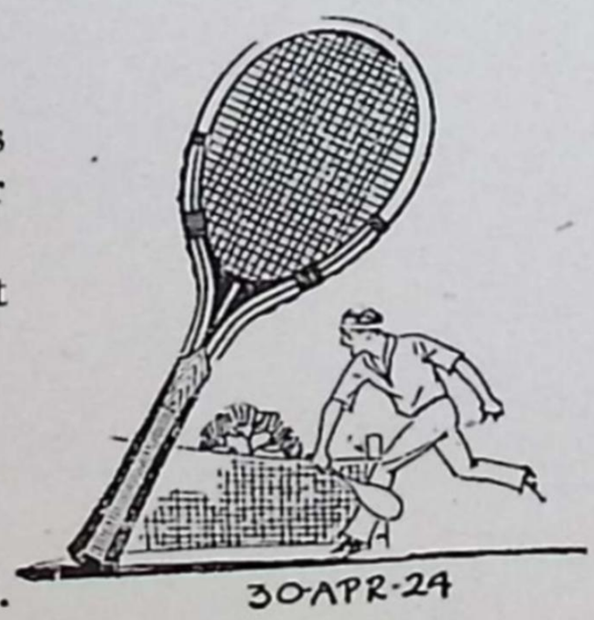

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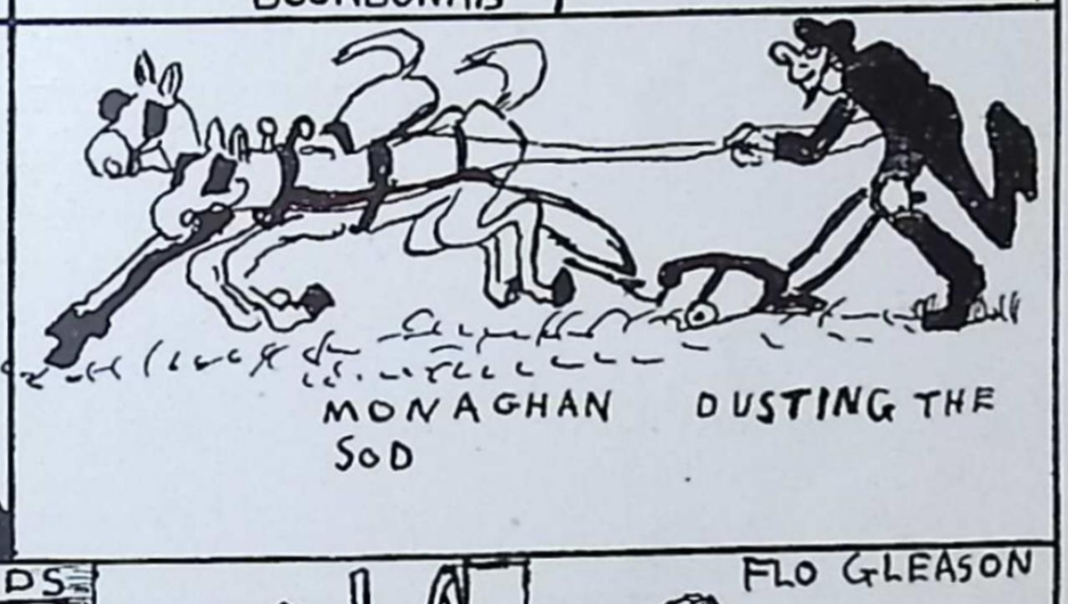
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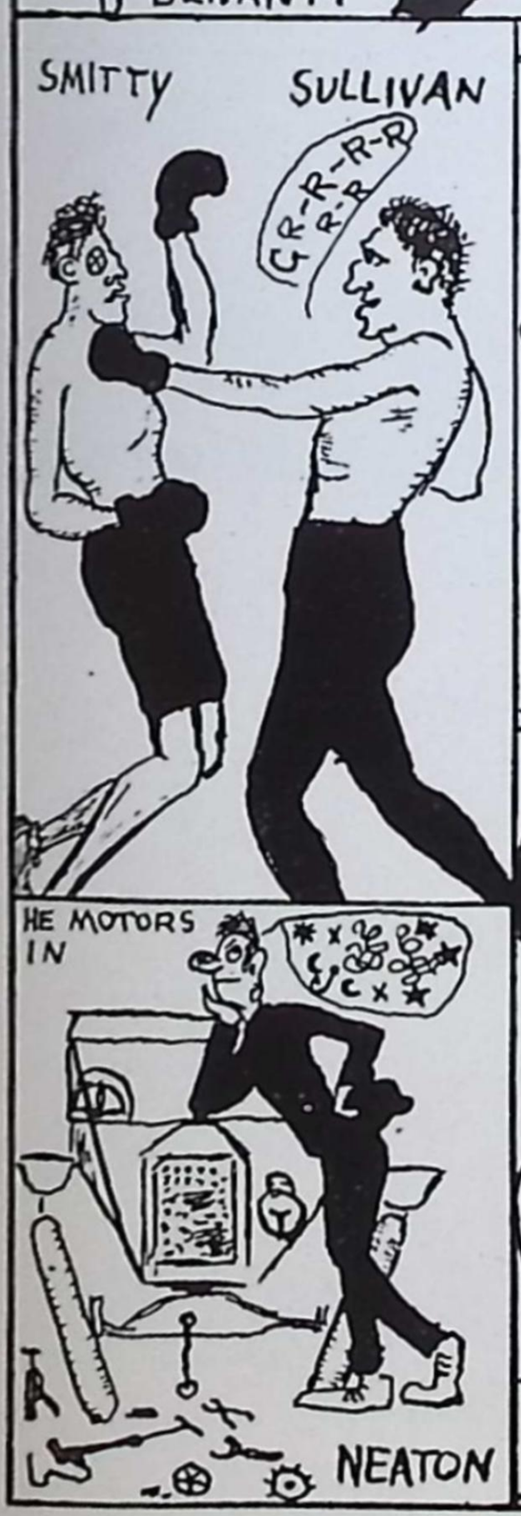
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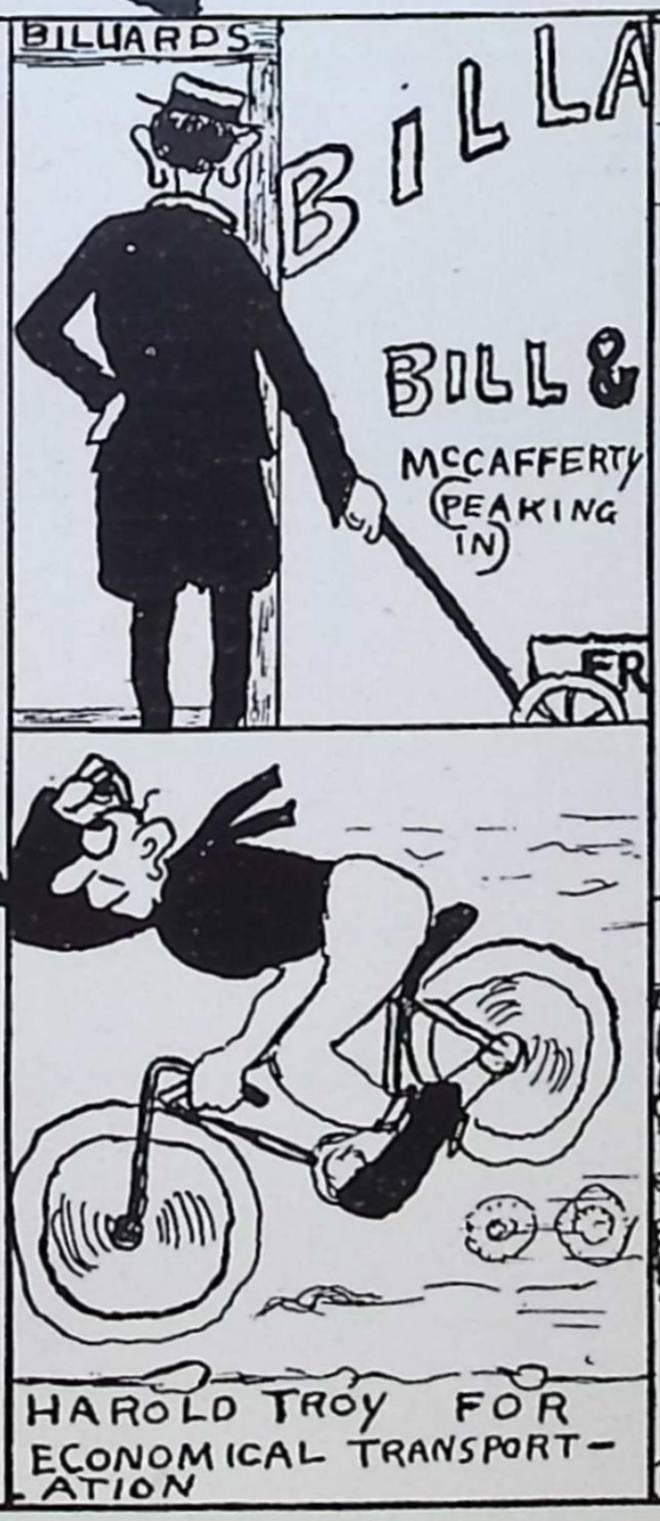
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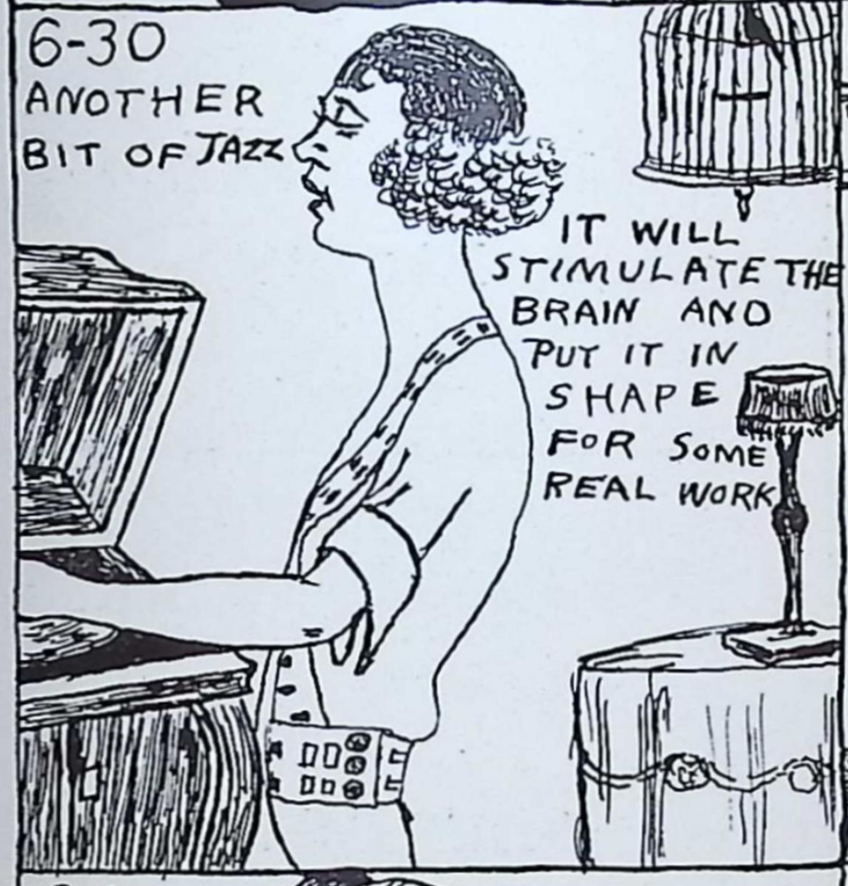
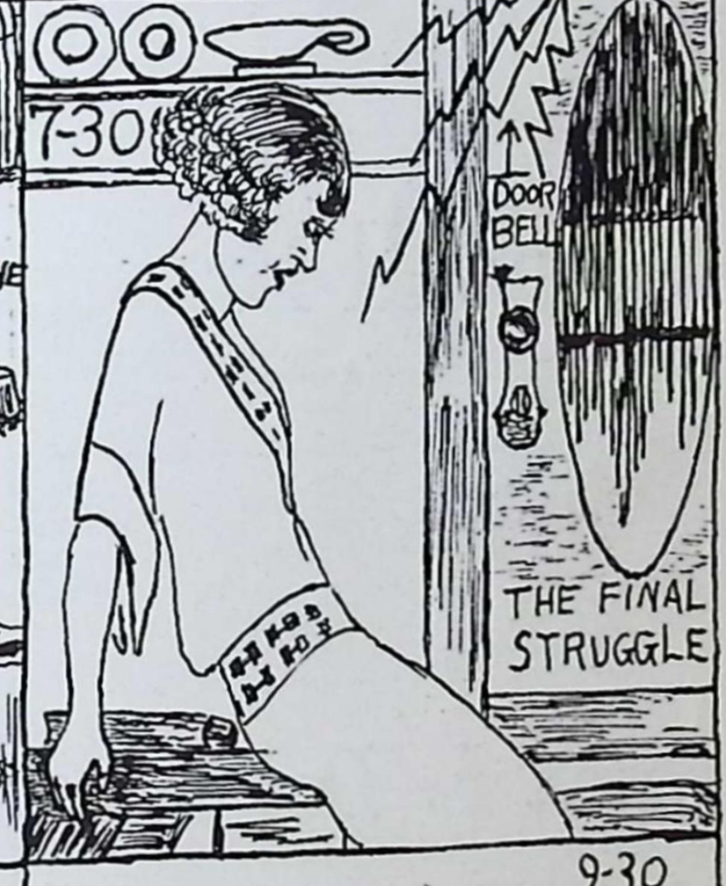


7-30

DOOR BELL

THE FINAL STRUGGLE



8-30

OH WELL

9-30

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